CANDIDE

By VOLTAIRE

INTRODUCTION BY PHILIP LITTELL

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INTRODUCTION

EVER since 1759, when Voltaire wrote "Candide" in ridicule of the notion that this is the best of all possible worlds, this world has been a gayer place for readers. Voltaire wrote it in three days, and five or six generations have found that its laughter does not grow old.

"Candide" has not aged. Yet how different the book would have looked if Voltaire had written it a hundred and fifty years later than 1759. It would have been, among other things, a book of sights and sounds. A modern writer would have tried to catch and fix in words some of those Atlantic changes which broke the Atlantic monotony of that voyage from Cadiz to Buenos Ayres. When Martin and Candide were sailing the length of the Mediterranean we should have had a contrast between naked scarped Balearic cliffs and headlands of Calabria in their mists. We should have had quarter distances, far horizons, the altering silhouettes of an Ionian island. Colored birds would have filled Paraguay with their silver or acid cries.

Dr. Pangloss, to prove the existence of design in the universe, says that noses were made to carry spectacles, and so we have spectacles.

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A modern satirist would not try to paint with Voltaire's quick brush the doctrine that he wanted to expose. And he would choose a more complicated doctrine than Dr. Pangloss's optimism, would study it more closely, feel his destructive way about it with a more learned and caressing malice. His attack, stealthier, more flexible and more patient than Voltaire's, would call upon us, especially when his learning got a little out of control, to be more than patient. Now and then he would bore us. "Candide" never bored anybody except William Wordsworth.

Voltaire's men and women point his case against optimism by starting high and falling low. A modern could not go about it after this fashion. He would not plunge his people into an unfamiliar misery. He would just keep them in the misery they were born to.

But such an account of Voltaire's procedure is as misleading as the plaster cast of a dance. Look at his procedure again. Mademoiselle Cunégonde, the illustrious Westphalian, sprung from a family that could prove seventy-one quarterings, descends and descends until we find her earning her keep by washing dishes in the Propontis. The aged faithful attendant, victim of a hundred acts of rape by negro pirates, remembers that she is the daughter of a pope, and that

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in honor of her approaching marriage with a Prince of Massa-Carrara all Italy wrote sonnets of which not one was passable. We do not need to know French literature before Voltaire in order to feel, although the lurking parody may escape us, that he is poking fun at us and at himself. His laughter at his own methods grows more unmistakable at the last, when he caricatures them by casually assembling six fallen monarchs in an inn at Venice.

A modern assailant of optimism would arm himself with social pity. There is no social pity in "Candide." Voltaire, whose light touch on familiar institutions opens them and reveals their absurdity, likes to remind us that the slaughter and pillage and murder which Candide witnessed among the Bulgarians was perfectly regular, having been conducted according to the laws and usages of war. Had Voltaire lived today he would have done to poverty what he did to war. Pitying the poor, he would have shown us poverty as a ridiculous anachronism, and both the ridicule and the pity would have expressed his indignation.

Almost any modern, essaying a philosophic tale, would make it long. "Candide" is only a "Hamlet" and a half long. It would hardly have been shorter if Voltaire had spent three months on it, instead of those three days. A

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conciseness to be matched in English by nobody except Pope, who can say a plagiarizing enemy "steals much, spends little, and has nothing left," a conciseness which Pope toiled and sweated for, came as easy as wit to Voltaire. He can afford to be witty, parenthetically, by the way, prodigally, without saving, because he knows there is more wit where that came from.

One of Max Beerbohm's cartoons shows us the young Twentieth Century going at top speed, and watched by two of his predecessors. Underneath is this legend: "The Grave Misgivings of the Nineteenth Century, and the Wicked Amusement of the Eighteenth, in Watching the Progress (or whatever it is) of the Twentieth." This Eighteenth Century snuff-taking and malicious, is like Voltaire, who nevertheless must know, if he happens to think of it, that not yet in the Twentieth Century, not for all its speed mania, has any one come near to equalling the speed of a prose tale by Voltaire. "Candide" is a full book. It is filled with mockery, with inventiveness, with things as concrete as things to eat and coins, it has time for the neatest intellectual clickings, it is never hurried, and it moves with the most amazing rapidity. It has the rapidity of high spirits playing a game. The dry high spirits of this destroyer of optimism make most optimists look damp and depressed.

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Contemplation of the stupidity which deems happiness possible almost made Voltaire happy. His attack on optimism is one of the gayest books in the world. Gaiety has been scattered everywhere up and down its pages by Voltaire's lavish hand, by his thin fingers.

Many propagandist satirical books have been written with "Candide" in mind, but not too many. To-day, especially, when new faiths are changing the structure of the world, faiths which are still plastic enough to be deformed by every disciple, each disciple for himself, and which have not yet received the final deformation known as universal acceptance, to-day "Candide" is an inspiration to every narrative satirist who hates one of these new faiths, or hates every interpretation of it but his own. Either hatred will serve as a motive to satire.

That is why the present is one of the right moments to republish "Candide." I hope it will inspire younger men and women, the only ones who can be inspired, to have a try at Theodore, or Militarism; Jane, or Pacifism; at So-and-So, the Pragmatist or the Freudian. And I hope, too, that they will without trying hold their pens with an eighteenth century lightness, not inappropriate to a philosophic tale. In Voltaire's fingers, as Anatole France has said, the pen runs and laughs.

PHILIP LITTELL.

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Candide,

OR

Optimism[1]

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
DR. RALPH
WITH THE ADDITIONS[2] THAT WERE
FOUND IN THE DOCTOR'S POCKET WHEN
HE DIED AT MINDEN,[3] IN THE YEAR OF
1759

CHAPTER ONE: *How Candide was brought up in a beautiful castle, and how he came to be driven out of it*

In Westphalia, in the castle of His Excellency the Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, there was once a young man on whom nature had bestowed the sweetest of dispositions. You could read his soul by watching the expressions on his face. He was not without intelligence, but he was incapable of being devious; I presume this was why he was called Candide.[4] The older household servants suspected that he was the son of His Excellency the Baron's sister, and that his father was a good and honest gentleman who lived in the neighborhood. The baron's sister had never been willing to marry this man because he could only demonstrate that seventy-one of his

1. The word *optimisme* is rare in French in 1758: the first recorded usage is 1737, and it appears in the *Dictionnaire de Trévoux* in 1752: "It is the name that is given to the system of those who claim that all is for the best, that the world is the best that God could create; that the best possible is to be found in all that which is and which happens. Even crimes exist to further the beauty and the perfection of the moral order, for they give rise to good. The crime of Tarquin, who raped Lucretia, produced the liberty of Rome, and consequently all the virtues of the Roman republic. See the *Théodicée* of M. Leibniz." It is used once in the text of *Candide* (below, p. 43) in a passage that is a late addition to the text. It would therefore seem that Voltaire hesitated to use a word that might prove ephemeral. It first appears in English in one of the 1759 translations of *Candide*; but of the six editions, five translate *optimisme* as "all for the best." The publication of *Candide* was followed promptly by the invention of the word *pessimisme* (1759).

2. Chapter 22 was substantially revised in the edition of 1761.

3. The French army suffered a severe defeat at Minden on 1 August 1759, after the first publication of *Candide.*

4. In Latin the word *candidus* means "white," "unspotted," and by extension "honest" and "fair-minded."

ancestors were nobles; the others may also have been, but it had proved impossible to trace his genealogy far enough back in time.

His Excellency the Baron was one of the most powerful noblemen in Westphalia, for his castle had a door and it had windows. His great hall was even decorated with a tapestry. When required, all the dogs in the farm yards would be assembled to form a pack; his stable boys were transformed into huntsmen; the priest in the local village became his chaplain. They all addressed him as "Your Excellency," and laughed at the stories he told.

The baron's wife, who weighed around three hundred and fifty pounds, was regarded as a person of substance, and welcomed guests with a self-possession that made her all the more distinguished. Her daughter Cunégonde[5] was seventeen, with pink cheeks and a fresh complexion; she was plump and delectable. The baron's son appeared to be in every respect worthy of his father. Nobody disagreed with anything that their tutor, who was called Pangloss,[6] said, and as little Candide listened to his teaching he was as tractable as one might expect a student of his age and his character to be.

Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologico-cosmolonigology.[7] He demonstrated beautifully that there is no effect without a cause, and that, in this the best of all possible worlds, the castle of His Excellency the Baron was the most beautiful of all castles, and his wife was the best of all possible baronesses.[8]

"It can be demonstrated," he would say, "that things could not be other than they are: for everything has been made to serve a purpose, and so nothing is susceptible to improvement. Just see how noses are designed to support spectacles, and indeed we have spectacles. It's obvious that legs were constructed to fit trousers, and we have trousers to fit them. Rock was made to be quarried, cut, and turned into castles, and thus his excellency has a very beautiful castle; naturally the most important baron in the province ought to be the best housed. Pigs were made to be eaten, and we eat pork throughout the year. So I conclude that those who have argued that all is well can't be taken seriously; they should have said that nothing could be better."

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5. There was an eleventh-century German queen called Kunigunde; but Voltaire surely expects the reader to find in the name two Latin words: *cunnus* (vagina) and *gonades* (ovaries).

6. From the Greek for "all-tongue."

7. Metaphysics and theology were long-established disciplines, but "cosmology" was invented by Leibniz. Wolff had written a book on it, which Voltaire said he had had the misfortune to read.

8. Leibniz had argued that this is best of all possible worlds and that there is no effect without a cause.

Candide listened carefully and believed without hesitation; for he was of the view that Miss Cunégonde was extremely beautiful, though he never summoned up the courage to tell her so. He concluded that after the happiness of being born Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the second degree of happiness was to be Miss Cunégonde, the third to see her every day, and the fourth to listen to Dr. Pangloss, the finest philosopher in the province, and consequently the most important in the whole world.

One day Cunégonde was out for a stroll near the castle, in the little wood that was called "the park." Through the bushes she caught sight of Dr. Pangloss, who was giving a lesson in experimental physics to her mother's serving girl, a little brunette who was very pretty and very pliable. As Miss Cunégonde had a genuine interest in the sciences, she watched (without so much as breathing) the series of experiments of which she was the witness; she could plainly see the doctor's sufficient reason,[9] the effects and the causes. She set out for home exceedingly agitated, very thoughtful, entirely suffused with the desire for knowledge, thinking to herself that she could well be the sufficient reason of young Candide, while he could be hers.

She bumped into Candide when she got back to the castle, and blushed; Candide blushed too. She said "good day" to him with a catch in her breath. Candide replied to her without knowing what he was saying. Next day, after dinner, when everyone was getting down from table, Cunégonde and Candide found themselves hidden behind a screen. Cunégonde let her handkerchief drop; Candide picked it up. Innocently she took his hand in hers; innocently the young man kissed the hand of the young lady, doing so with a liveliness, a sensitivity, a gracefulness that was all his own. Their lips met; their eyes shone; their knees trembled; their hands strayed. His Excellency the Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh passed near the screen and saw this cause and this effect. He chased Candide out of the castle with a series of hefty kicks on his backside. Cunégonde fainted. She was whipped by Her Excellency the Baroness as soon as she regained consciousness. And in the most beautiful and the most delightful of possible castles everything was upside down and back to front.

Chapter Two: *What became of Candide among the Bulgars*[10]

Candide, driven out of the Garden of Eden, walked and walked without knowing where he was going. He cried; he lifted his eyes to the heavens; he

9. A technical term from Wolff.

10. Voltaire intends the reader to recognize that the Bulgars represent the Prussians. He was aware that the word "Bulgar" has the same etymological root as the word "bugger."

looked back frequently in the direction of the most beautiful of all castles, in which was to be found the most beautiful of all noble youngsters. He fell asleep without having had anything to eat; he lay in the open fields between two furrows. The snow was falling in large flakes. Next day, frozen to the core, Candide dragged himself toward the nearest town, which was called Valdberghoff-trarbk-dikdorff. He had no money and was dying of hunger and exhaustion. He came to a halt at the entrance to a bar. Two men dressed in blue watched him.[11] "Comrade," said one, "there is a young man who is well built and who meets the height requirements." They came up to Candide and very politely they invited him to eat with them. "Gentlemen," replied Candide, with a charming modesty, "your invitation is an honor, but I don't have any money with which to pay my share of the bill." "But sir!" said one of the men in blue to him, "people of your build and of your distinction never have to pay for themselves! Aren't you nearly six feet tall?"[12] "Yes, gentlemen, that's my height," he said bowing. "Oh sir! Come and sit down. Not only will we pay your share, but we would never permit a chap like you to go short of money. We were put on earth to give each other a helping hand." "You're quite right," said Candide, "that's what Mr. Pangloss always told me, and I can certainly see that everything is as good as could be." They urged him to accept a small amount of money; he accepted and made to pay for his meal; they objected and everyone sat down to eat. "Aren't you terribly fond . . . ?" "Oh yes!" he replied, "I'm terribly fond of Miss Cunégonde." "No," said one of the gentlemen, "we were asking you if you aren't terribly fond of the king of the Bulgars?"[13] "By no means," he said, "for I've never seen him." "What! He's the most delightful of kings, and we must drink his health." "Oh! I'd be happy to do so, gentlemen," and he drank. "That's enough," they said to him. "Now you are the support, the prop, the defender, the hero of the Bulgars; your fortune is made and your glory is assured."[14] Straightaway they put shackles on his legs and took him off to the regiment. They made him turn left and turn right; raise his ramrod; lower his ramrod; lie on his face; fire; march at the double; and they gave him thirty strokes of the cane. Next day he did the exercise a little less badly and he was given only

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11. Blue was the color of the uniform of the Prussian army.

12. "Five feet five inches"; but the "foot" in pre-Revolutionary France was longer than in Britain and America (see Voltaire, *Candide,* ed. and trans. Daniel Gordon [Boston: Bedford/St. Martin's, 1999], 44). To allow for this I have increased all such measurements by about ten percent.

13. I.e., Frederick II.

14. Candide, by accepting the king's money and toasting the king's health is regarded as having signed up for military service.

twenty strokes. The day after he was given only ten, and he was regarded by his comrades as a prodigy.

Candide, stunned by the course of events, could not quite work out in what sense he was supposed to be a hero. One fine spring day he took it into his head to go for a walk, putting one foot in front of the other, believing it to be a privilege of the human species, as of the various animal species, to make use of one's legs as one pleases. He had not gone five miles when there were four other six-foot-six-tall heroes who were catching up on him, who tied him up, who led him away to a cell. He was asked by an official of the court which he would prefer: to be beaten thirty-six times by the whole regiment, or to have twelve little lead balls enter his skull simultaneously. It was all very well for him to say that human beings have freedom of the will,[15] and that he wanted neither option; he had no choice but to make a choice. He decided, making full use of the divine gift that is called freedom, to run the gauntlet thirty-six times.[16] He survived two circuits. The regiment was composed of two thousand men; which meant that two circuits meant that he received four thousand blows of the cane, and these stripped the skin off his muscles and his nerves from the nape of his neck to his ass. When the third circuit was about to begin Candide begged for the only clemency he could hope for, that they would be so good as to smash his skull. They were kind enough to agree; his eyes were blindfolded and he was placed in a kneeling position. As it happened, the king of the Bulgars passed by at this moment, and he inquired as to why Candide was being punished. As the king was a man of genius, he grasped from the account he was given that Candide was a young metaphysician who knew very little about the ways of the world,[17] and he remitted his punishment with a clemency that will be praised in every newspaper and will be remembered through the centuries. A fine surgeon cured Candide in three weeks using unguents concocted according to the recipes of Dioscorides.[18] He already had a little bit of skin, and could walk, when the king of the Bulgars declared war on the king of the Abars.[19]

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15. In *Eléments de la philosophie de Newton* (1738), Voltaire had defended the doctrine of freedom of the will; but Frederick II had converted him to determinism or fatalism by 1740, when he wrote his *Métaphysique de Newton.*

16. Voltaire reports in his *Mémoires* that this punishment was inflicted on deserters from the Prussian army while he was in Berlin—indeed Frederick II took pleasure in watching.

17. Frederick's father had expelled Wolff from Prussia because a number of soldiers had used his argument against freedom of the will to justify desertion.

18. A Greek doctor of the first century C.E.

19. The Abars, like the Bulgars, are a Scythian nation, but Voltaire expects us to identify them with the French.

Nothing could be more beautiful, more fine, more glittering, more orderly than the two armies. Trumpets, fifes, oboes, drums, and artillery made a beautiful music such as they never have the chance to hear in hell. First of all the artillery knocked over about six thousand men on each side; then the muskets removed from the best of all worlds about nine or ten thousand bastards who infested its surface. The bayonet, in addition, was the sufficient reason for the death of some thousands of men. All added together there may well have been thirty thousand corpses. Candide, who trembled like a philosopher, hid himself as best he could during this heroic butchery.

Finally, while the two kings each had a *Te Deum* sung in his camp,[20] he took the decision to go and philosophize about effects and causes somewhere else. He climbed over piles of the dead and dying, and came first of all to a neighboring village. It was reduced to ashes: it was an Abar village that the Bulgars had burned in conformity with international law. Here old men, crippled by the blows they had received, watched their wives, their throats cut, die while holding their babies to their bleeding breasts. There girls, disemboweled after having satisfied the natural instincts of some hero, breathed their last. Others, half burned, screamed for someone to come and finish them off. Brains were scattered on the ground, alongside arms and legs that had been cut off.

Candide ran off as fast as he could until he reached another village. It belonged to some Bulgars, and Abar heroes had given it the same treatment. Candide, still walking though his legs trembled and he had to stumble over ruins, finally found himself outside the war zone, carrying a few bits and pieces to eat in his backpack, and never forgetting Miss Cunégonde. His supplies ran out when he reached Holland: but having heard that everybody living in that country was rich, and that they were all Christians, he had no doubt that he would be treated there just as well as he had been in the château of His Honor the Baron—before he was driven out of it on account of Miss Cunégonde's beautiful eyes.

He begged several respectable people to give him some spare change; they all replied that if he carried on begging he would be locked up in a house of correction in order to teach him how to live.[21]

Next he accosted a man who had just been speaking to a large gathering on the subject of charity for a whole hour, uninterrupted and on his own. This fine speaker looked askance at him and asked, "What are you doing

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20. A religious ceremony traditionally employed to give thanks for victory.

21. Begging was illegal in Holland.

here? Are you here to give your support to the cause of right?" "There is no effect without a cause," Candide modestly replied; "everything is linked together by necessary connections, and arranged for the best. It was inevitable that I would be driven away from Miss Cunégonde's side, that I should have to run the gauntlet, and it is necessary that I beg for food until I can earn my own keep. All this could not be otherwise." "My friend," said the distinguished speaker to him, "do you believe that the pope is antichrist?"[22] "I've never been told that before," replied Candide, "but whether he is or is not, I'm in need of food." "You don't deserve to eat," replied the other; "go away you wretch; go away you miserable creature; never come near me again as long as you live." The speaker's wife had just put her head out of the window, and, seeing somebody who was not convinced that the pope is antichrist, she emptied over his head a full . . . Oh heavens! Women are capable of dreadful excesses when motivated by religious zeal!

A person who had never been baptized, an authentic Anabaptist,[23] called Jacques, saw the cruel and shameful way in which one of his fellow human beings was being treated, a creature like him with two legs and no feathers, one with a soul.[24] He took him back to his house, cleaned him up, gave him some bread and some beer, presented him with two florins, and even wanted to teach him to earn a living working in one of his workshops manufacturing the "oriental" cloth that is made in Holland. Candide almost threw himself at his feet, and cried out, "Dr. Pangloss was quite right to tell me that all is as good as could be in this world; for I am infinitely more moved by your extraordinary generosity than by the inhumanity of that gentleman in a black coat and the good lady his wife."

Next day, while out for a walk, he came across a cripple all covered in pustules, his eyes infected, the end of his nose eaten away, his mouth crooked, his teeth black, his voice hoarse. He was tormented by a dreadful cough, and spat out a tooth with every spasm.

Chapter Four: *How Candide met Dr. Pangloss, who used to teach him philosophy, and what became of it*

Candide, more touched with compassion than horrified, gave this repulsive cripple the two florins that he had been given by his honest Anabaptist, Jacques. The ghost stared at him, burst into tears, and threw his arms

22. This was the view held by orthodox Calvinists.

23. Anabaptists believed that only adults could choose to become Christians and therefore rejected infant (but not adult) baptism.

24. This definition of a human being comes from Plato.

around him. Candide was terrified, and stepped back. "Alas," said one poor wretch to the other, "do you no longer recognize your beloved Pangloss?" "What are you saying? Is it you, my dearest teacher? You, in this awful state! What dreadful thing has happened to you? Why are you no longer in the most beautiful of all castles? What has become of Miss Cunégonde, who is so much more beautiful than other girls, and is nature's masterpiece?" "I can't bear any more," said Pangloss. At once Candide took him to the Anabaptist's stable, where he gave him a bit of bread to eat. And when Pangloss had recovered his strength, "Well," he asked, "what about Cunégonde?" "She is dead," Pangloss replied. Candide fainted at the word "dead"; his friend brought him to his senses with some foul vinegar, a bottle of which happened to be in the stable. Candide opened his eyes. "Cunégonde dead! Oh, best of worlds, where are you! But of what illness did she die? Did she die of grief on seeing me literally kicked out of the beautiful castle that belongs to her noble father?" "No," said Pangloss, "she was disemboweled by some Bulgar soldiers, after being raped until she could be raped no more. They smashed in the head of the noble baron, who tried to defend her, and they chopped her ladyship into little pieces. My poor pupil, her brother, was treated exactly as his sister was. And as for the castle, there's not a single stone standing on another; there's not a barn, not a sheep, not a duck, not a tree left. But we've been properly revenged, for the Abars have done the same to a neighboring castle that belonged to a Bulgar nobleman."

At this speech Candide fainted again, but, having regained consciousness, and having said all that needed to be said, he inquired after the cause, the effect, and the sufficient reason that had reduced Pangloss to such a pitiable condition. "Alas!" said Pangloss, "It's love; love, the consolation of the human species; love, without which life would disappear from the face of the earth; love, which inspires all creatures capable of sensation; sweet love." "Alas!" said Candide, "I've had some experience of this love, this love that rules our hearts, which is the soul of our souls; all it got me was a kiss and twenty kicks in the ass. How could so beautiful a cause have produced in you such an abominable effect?"

Pangloss replied as follows: "O my dear Candide! You knew Paquette, that pretty serving girl who worked for her distinguished ladyship. In her arms I tasted the delights of Paradise, and it is they that have produced these hellish torments that you now see eating me alive. She was infected; she may now be dead. Paquette received this present from a learned friar who had traced it back to its origins. For he had had it from an old countess, who had been given it by a captain of artillery, who got it from a marquise, who had it from a young boy, who was given it by a Jesuit, who, when he was a novice, received it without any intermediaries from some-

one who had voyaged with Christopher Columbus.[25] As for me, I won't give it to anyone, for I am dying."

"O Pangloss!" Candide exclaimed, "what a strange genealogy that is! Surely the devil must have been the source of this disease?" "Not at all," replied this great thinker; "it was essential it should be present in the best of all possible worlds, it was a necessary ingredient. For if Columbus had not caught, on an island off the Americas, this disease that poisons the genital organs, and that often even makes people sterile, this disease that is obviously the antithesis of the primary purpose of all nature, we would have had neither chocolate not cochineal;[26] moreover one should note that so far this disease is peculiar to us Europeans, just like theological debate. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese, the Japanese—none of them have it yet. But there is a sufficient reason to ensure that they will catch it in their turn before too many centuries go by. Meanwhile it has made quite extraordinary progress among us, and especially in these great armies that decide the destiny of states, and that are made up of honest, well brought-up employees. One can be confident that when thirty thousand men advance into battle against an army of the same size drawn up in front of them, then there are around twenty thousand syphilitics on each side."

"Well, that's a remarkable fact," said Candide, "but we must get you cured." "And how can I get treatment?" said Pangloss. "For I don't have the money, my friend, and no matter where one goes on this planet one cannot get oneself bled nor obtain an enema without paying, or without having someone to pay for you."

This last remark made up Candide's mind; he went and threw himself at the feet of his charitable Anabaptist, Jacques, and portrayed to him in such moving terms the state to which his friend was reduced that the good chap did not hesitate to take up Dr. Pangloss; he had him treated at his own expense. In the process of being cured Pangloss lost only one eye and one ear. He wrote legibly and had a perfect command of arithmetic. Jacques the Anabaptist put him in charge of his accounts. At the end of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon on business, he took his two philosophers with him in his ship. Pangloss explained to him how everything was so good it could not be better. Jacques didn't agree. "It must be the case," he said, "that human beings have corrupted the natural order of things somewhat; for they are not born wolves, and they have become

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25. That syphilis had been brought to the Old World from the New was a well-established fact in Voltaire's day.

26. An insect from which a scarlet dye is produced.

wolves.[27] God did not give them twenty-four pounder guns or bayonets; and they have made themselves bayonets and cannons to destroy each other. Bankruptcy is something else that surely wouldn't be found in the best of worlds, nor the bankruptcy courts that seize the goods of the bankrupts in order to prevent their creditors from getting what they are owed." "That's how things have to be," replied the one-eyed doctor, "and the misfortunes of individuals go to make up the welfare of the whole, in such a way that the more personal misfortunes there are, the more everything is for the best." While he was arguing, the sky darkened, the winds blew from the four corners of the world, and the ship was struck by the most dreadful storm when it was within sight of the port of Lisbon.

CHAPTER FIVE: *The storm, the shipwreck, the earthquake, and what became of Dr. Pangloss, of Candide, and of Jacques the Anabaptist*

Half of those on board, struck down, dying of those inconceivable agonies that the rolling of a vessel conveys to the nerves and to all the fluids of a body when it is shaken in opposing directions, didn't even have the strength to worry about the danger they faced. The other half cried out and prayed aloud; the sails were torn, the masts broken, the vessel took on water. Those who could work did what they could; but they were all at cross purposes, and no one took command. The Anabaptist lent a hand; he was on the prow; a furious sailor hit him hard and laid him out on the deck; but the blow he gave him was so hard that he lost his balance and fell overboard head first. He was hanging upside down, caught up in a section of the broken mast. The good Jacques ran to his assistance, helped get him back on board, but in his struggles he slipped into the sea himself, in full view of the sailor, who left him to drown without even bothering to watch him go down. Candide ran to the side, and caught sight of his benefactor, who came to the surface for a moment before being swallowed forever. He wanted to throw himself into the sea after him, but the philosopher Pangloss prevented him, proving to him that the Bay of Lisbon had been especially made so that the Anabaptist could drown in it. While he was proving this by logical deduction, the vessel foundered and everyone died, with the exception of Pangloss, of Candide, and of the brutal sailor who had drowned the virtuous Anabaptist; the wretch swam successfully to the

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27. There was a well-known adage "Man is a wolf to man," which is discussed, for example, by Erasmus in his *Adages* (1508).

shore, while Pangloss and Candide were carried ashore clinging to a plank.[28]

When they had recovered a little they set out on foot for Lisbon; they had some money in their pockets with which they hoped to save themselves from starvation now that they had escaped drowning.

No sooner had they passed through the gates of the town, weeping over the death of their benefactor, than they felt the earth tremble under their feet; the sea in the port began to boil, and the ships at anchor were smashed to pieces.[29] Gusts of wind showered sparks and glowing cinders over the streets and the squares of the city; the houses collapsed, their roofs leveled with their foundations, and their foundations shattered; thirty thousand inhabitants, randomly selected without regard to age or sex, were crushed in the ruins. The sailor said to himself, with a whistle and a swear word, "There'll be good pickings here!" "What can be the sufficient reason of this phenomenon?" asked Pangloss. "This is the end of the world," cried Candide. The sailor at once ran into the middle of the ruins, risked death looking for money, found some, took it, got drunk, and, having slept it off, bought the favors of the first willing woman that he met among the ruins of the shattered houses, surrounded by the dying and the dead. Pangloss, however, caught hold of his sleeve: "My friend," he said to him, "that's no good, you're falling short of the standard set by universal reason, you're not spending your time as you should." "Christ!" said the sailor. "I'm a sailor and I was born in the colonies. I've made four voyages to Japan, and four times I've walked on the crucifix.[30] I'm just the man to talk to about universal reason!"

Some falling rocks had wounded Candide, who was stretched out in the street and covered in debris. He said to Pangloss, "Alas! Get me a little wine and some oil; I'm dying." "This earthquake isn't something new," replied Pangloss. "The city of Lima in South America felt the same shocks

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28. Voltaire had lost significant sums of money as a result of ships going down, and we find him writing on 4 or 5 Feb. 1757, "I must get used to shipwrecks" (D7142). But the theme of shipwreck also imposed itself because Petronius had described the world as one great shipwreck, a phrase Voltaire echoes repeatedly (e.g., D7263, 20 May 1757: "This world is a great shipwreck; let those who can save themselves is what I often say.") Storms, shipwrecks, planks, and "each man for himself" recur frequently as a linked set of images in the correspondence: D7096, D7097, D7839, D7848, D7862. See Murray, *Voltaire's "Candide,"* 315–9.

29. The Lisbon earthquake occurred on 1 Nov. 1755; contemporaries estimated that 30,000 were killed by it.

30. This symbolic repudiation of Christianity was a requirement for entry into Japan, at least in the early eighteenth century.

last year. The same causes, the same effects. There must be a fissure of sulfur underground that stretches from Lima to Lisbon."[31] "There is no better explanation," said Candide. "But for God's sake, get me a little oil and some wine." "What do you mean, there *is* no better explanation!" replied the philosopher. "I maintain that my answer is proven and there *could* be no better explanation." Candide fainted and Pangloss brought him a little water from a nearby fountain.

Next day, having found some bits and pieces to eat while picking their way between the ruins, they recovered some of their strength. Then they worked alongside everyone else to give what help they could to their companions who had escaped death. A few residents, whom they had helped, gave them as good a lunch as one could hope for after such a disaster. It is true that the meal was mournful; the guests mingled tears with their food, but Pangloss consoled them, assuring them that things could not be otherwise. "For," said he, "all this is the best there could be; for if there is a volcano under Lisbon, then it couldn't be anywhere else. For it is impossible that things could be placed anywhere except where they are. For all is well."

A little dark man, an agent of the Inquisition, who was sitting beside him, politely joined in the conversation, and said: "I gather, sir, that you do not believe in original sin; for if all is as good as could be, then there has not been a fall, nor are we punished for it."[32]

"I very humbly beg pardon of Your Excellency," replied Pangloss even more politely, "for the fall of mankind and their punishment were necessary events in the best of all possible worlds." "Good sir, then you don't believe in free will?" asked the agent.[33] "Your Excellency will excuse me," said Pangloss, "but free will is compatible with inflexible necessity; for it was necessary that we should be free; since after all the will is determined . . ." Pangloss was in the middle of his phrase when the agent gave a nod of his head to his guard, who poured him a glass of Port to drink.

CHAPTER SIX: *How they held a fine auto-da-fé to prevent further earthquakes, and how Candide was whipped*

After the earthquake, which had wrecked three quarters of Lisbon, the wise men of Portugal had identified no more effective method to prevent the rest being destroyed than to hold a fine auto-da-fé to educate the

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31. "The fissure of sulfur" theory was expounded in Elie Bertrand, *Mémoire sur les tremblements de terre* (Berne, 1756).

32. Evidently he suspects Pangloss of being a Socinian (see below, p. 82).

33. Pangloss has presented Leibniz's view, but orthodox Catholics were required to believe in free will (while orthodox Calvinists were determinists).

people.[34] It was decided by the University of Coïmbra that the spectacle of a few people being burned over a slow fire, accompanied by the most elaborate rituals, was an infallible, if little known, method for preventing earthquakes.

In view of this decision they had arrested someone from Biscay who was convicted of having married his godmother, and two Portuguese who, when eating a chicken, had thrown away the fatty bacon in which it had been wrapped.[35] After the dinner they came and seized Dr. Pangloss and his disciple Candide, the first for having spoken, and the second for having listened with an air of approval. Both of them were taken separately to accommodation that was extremely cool, where one was never troubled by the sun. Eight days later they were both dressed in a *san-benito*,[36] and their heads were decorated with miters of paper.[37] Candide's miter and *san-benito* were decorated with upside down flames, and with devils who had neither tails nor claws; but the devils Pangloss wore had claws and tails, and his flames were right way up. They walked in procession, dressed up like this, and listened to a very moving sermon, followed by delightful music consisting of one chord played on the organ. Candide was whipped in time while the congregation sang; the chap from Biscay and the two men who had not wanted to eat fatty bacon were burned; and Pangloss was hanged, although this was a break with tradition. The same day the earth trembled once again, making a blood-curdling noise.

Candide, shocked, bewildered, taken aback, covered in blood, shaking all over, said to himself, "If this is the best of all possible worlds, what on earth are the others like? I wouldn't mind just being beaten, after all I was beaten by the Bulgars. But my dearest Pangloss! The greatest of philosophers! Did I have to see you hanged without knowing why? O my dear Anabaptist, the best of men, was it necessary that you should be drowned in the harbor? O Miss Cunégonde, the most beautiful of girls, was it inevitable that you should be disemboweled?"

He turned away, hardly able to stand up, having been preached at, whipped, absolved, and blessed, when an old woman accosted him and said: "Young man, take heart, and follow me."

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34. Voltaire's understanding was that such an auto-da-fé had occurred on 20 June 1756.

35. According to Church law the Biscayan was guilty of incest. Many Jews had been forcibly converted to Christianity, and a refusal to eat pork was taken as evidence of apostasy.

36. A tunic made of sackcloth.

37. Voltaire's account of what happened at an auto-da-fé is drawn from C. Dellon, *Relation de l'Inquisition de Goa* (1688).

CHAPTER SEVEN: *How an old woman took care of Candide, and how he rediscovered his true love*

Candide did not take heart, but he followed the old woman into a hovel. She gave him a bottle of ointment to rub on himself, left him food and drink, and showed him a little bed that was fairly clean. Next to the bed there was a complete set of clothes. "Eat, drink, sleep," she said to him, "and may Our Lady of Atocha, St. Anthony of Padua, and St. James of Compostella take care of you! I will return tomorrow." Candide, still shocked by all he had seen, by all he had suffered, and most of all by the kind deeds of the old woman, wanted to kiss her hand. "It's not *my* hand you should kiss," said the old woman. "I will return tomorrow. Rub yourself with ointment, eat, and sleep."

Despite all that he had suffered, Candide ate and slept. The next day the old woman brought him breakfast, had a look at his back, and rubbed a different ointment into it herself; later she brought him his lunch; in the evening she came back with his dinner. On the next day her hospitality was the same as the day before. "Who are you?" Candide asked her over and over again; "Who has persuaded you to treat me so well? What can I do for you in return?" The good woman never replied; she came back in the evening, but she had no dinner with her. "Come with me," she said, "and don't say a word." She took him by the arm and walked about a quarter of a mile with him through open countryside. They arrived at an isolated house, surrounded by gardens and ornamental ponds. The old woman knocked at a little door. It opened; she took Candide up a concealed staircase into a study decorated in gold leaf, sat him on a brocade sofa, closed the door, and went away. Candide thought he was dreaming; indeed he thought all his life hitherto had been a nightmare, but that right now he was having a pleasant dream.

Soon the old woman reappeared; she supported, not without some difficulty, a woman who was trembling: a woman of noble stature, shining with jewels, and hidden behind a veil. "Remove the veil," said the old woman to Candide. The young man approached; he lifted the veil with a timid hand. What an experience! What a surprise! He thought he saw Miss Cunégonde, he really did see her, it actually was her. His strength deserted him; he could not say a word; he fell at her feet. Cunégonde fell on the sofa. The old woman soaked them in smelling salts; they came back to their senses; they talked to each other: at first they cut across each other's words, their questions and their replies became entangled with each other and with sighs, tears, cries. The old woman advised them to make less noise, and left them to themselves. "What! It's you," Candide said to her. "You're alive. I've rediscovered you in Portugal! Were you not raped? Did they not cut your belly open, as Pangloss the philosopher assured me they

had?" "Yes they did," said the beautiful Cunégonde, "but one doesn't always die from those two mishaps." "But your father and mother, were they killed?" "I wish they had not been," said Cunégonde, weeping. "And your brother?" "My brother was killed as well." "And why are you in Portugal? And how did you know I was here? And by what peculiar chance were you able to bring me to this house?" "I will answer all your questions," replied the lady, "but first I require you to tell me everything that has happened to you since the innocent kiss you gave me, and the kicks you were given."

Candide obeyed her implicitly and unquestioningly; and although he was taken aback, although his voice was feeble and trembling, although his spine still hurt a bit, he told her in the simplest way everything that had happened to him since the moment of their separation. Cunégonde lifted her eyes to the heavens. She wept when the good Anabaptist died, and wept again when Pangloss was killed; after which she spoke as follows to Candide, who listened attentively to every word, and devoured her with his eyes.

CHAPTER EIGHT: *Cunégonde's story*

"I was sound asleep in my bed when the fates chose to send the Bulgars to our beautiful castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh. They cut the throats of my father and brother, and chopped my mother up into pieces. A large Bulgar, six-foot-six tall, seeing that I had fainted at the sight, set about raping me; this brought me back to consciousness; I recovered my senses; I cried; I fought; I bit; I scratched; I wanted to poke out the eyes of this enormous Bulgar, not realizing that everything that was happening in my father's castle was customary on such occasions. The brute gave me a blow with a knife in my left side—I carry the scar to this day." "Alas! I hope I'll see it," said Candide ingenuously. "You'll see it," said Cunégonde. "But let me continue." "Continue," said Candide.

So she picked up her story where she had left off. "A Bulgar captain came in; he saw me covered in blood, and the soldier didn't bother to get off me. The captain fell into a rage at the lack of respect that this brute had shown him, and killed him while he was on top of me. Then he had me treated, and took me to his camp as a prisoner of war. I washed the few shirts he had; I cooked for him; he found me very pretty, I must confess; and I won't deny that he was a fine figure of a man, nor that he had skin that was white and soft; but he had little intelligence, and almost no philosophy; it wasn't difficult to tell that he hadn't been educated by Dr. Pangloss. At the end of three months, having lost all his money, and having lost his taste for me, he sold me to a Jew named Issachar, who engaged in business in Holland and Portugal, and who had a passionate love of

women. This Jew took a great liking to me, but he could not have his way with me; I put up a better resistance to him than I had to the Bulgar soldier. A person of honor can be raped once, but their virtue is strengthened by it. The Jew, in order to tame me, brought me to this country house that you are now in. I had believed, until I came here, that there was nothing on earth more beautiful than the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; I was mistaken.

"The Grand Inquisitor saw me one day when I was at Mass; he kept making eyes at me, and sent a message to me that he had to speak to me about a secret matter. I was taken to his palace; I told him who my parents were; he pointed out to me how unsuitable it was for someone of my rank to belong to a Jew. He arranged for the proposal to be put to Don Issachar that he should give me to him. Don Issachar, who is the court's banker, and a man of wealth, wanted nothing to do with it. The Inquisitor threatened him with an auto-da-fé. Finally my Jew, intimidated, reached an agreement whereby the house and I would belong to both of them in common, the Jew having Mondays, Wednesdays, and the Sabbath for himself, and the Inquisitor having the other days of the week. This agreement has been in operation for six months. Though there have been quarrels; often they have been unable to agree as to whether the night between Saturday and Sunday belongs to the old law or the new.[38] As for me, so far I have resisted both of them, and I believe this is the reason why they both love me still.

"Finally, in order to ward off the scourge of earthquakes, and in order to intimidate Don Issachar, his Lordship the Inquisitor was pleased to celebrate an auto-da-fé. He did me the honor of inviting me. I was seated where I would have an excellent view; the ladies were served with refreshments between the Mass and the executions. Truth to tell I was overcome with horror to watch those two Jews burn and that decent chap from Biscay who had married his godmother. But that was nothing to my surprise, my shock, my dismay when I saw, in a *san-benito,* half-hidden by a miter, a face which looked like that of Pangloss! I rubbed my eyes, I watched carefully, I saw him hanged; I fell into a swoon. I had barely regained consciousness when I saw you stripped naked; this was the ultimate of horrors, of dismay, of pain, of despair. I will tell you, speaking truthfully, that your skin is even whiter, and tinged with an even more perfect pink, than that of my Bulgar captain. The sight of it redoubled all the feelings that were overwhelming me, that were devouring me. I cried

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38. The Old Law is the law of Moses, the New Law the law of Christ. As the Jewish Sabbath runs from sunset on Friday to sunset on Saturday, there could be uncertainty as to whether the night between Saturday and Sunday belonged to Saturday or Sunday.

out. I wanted to say: 'Stop, you barbarians!' But my voice failed me, and my cries would have done no good. When you had been well whipped, 'How can it be,' I said to myself, 'that the lovable Candide and the wise Pangloss are here in Lisbon, the first to receive one hundred lashes, and the second to be hanged on the orders of His Lordship the Inquisitor, whose beloved I am? Pangloss certainly cruelly deceived me when he said that all goes as well as could be.'

"Upset, bewildered, sometimes taking leave of my senses, and sometimes on the point of dying of weakness, I had my head full of the massacres of my father, of my mother, of my brother, of the insolence of my foul Bulgar soldier, of the stabbing he had given me, of my enslavement, of my occupation as a cook, of my Bulgar captain, of my wretched Don Issachar, of my abominable Inquisitor, of the hanging of Dr. Pangloss, of this great *miserere*[39] accompanied by a droning organ while they whipped you, and above all of the kiss I had given you behind a screen, the day when I had seen you for the last time. I praised God who had brought you back to me through so many trials. I told my old woman to take care of you, and to bring you here as soon as she could. She has carried out my instructions faithfully; I have tasted the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you again, of listening to you, of speaking to you. You must be starving; I'm very hungry; let's begin by eating dinner."

So they both sat down to eat, and after dinner they sat down again on the fine sofa I have already mentioned; they were there when the honorable Don Issachar, one of the owners of the house, arrived. It was the Sabbath day. He had come to enjoy his rights, and to put his feelings of tender love into words.

Chapter Nine: *What became of Cunégonde, of Candide, of the Grand Inquisitor, and of a Jew*

This Issachar was the most hot-tempered Jew that had been seen in Israel since the captivity in Babylon. "What!" he said, "Christian bitch! Isn't it enough that I have to put up with His Lordship the Inquisitor? Must this bastard also have a share of you?" While saying this, he drew a long dagger that he always carried on him; and, believing his adversary to be unarmed, he threw himself on Candide. But our good Westphalian had received a fine sword from the old woman along with his complete outfit of clothes. He drew his sword, and, although he was a perfectly good-natured chap, he laid the Jew out stone dead on the tiles, right at the feet of the beautiful Cunégonde.

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39. Psalm 50, often sung to express penitence.

"Mary Mother of God!" she cried, "What's going to become of us? A man killed in my house! If the police come we are done for!" "If Pangloss hadn't been hanged," says Candide, "he would have given us good advice in this crisis, for he was a great philosopher. Since he's not here, let's ask the old woman what to do." She had excellent judgment and was beginning to give her opinion when another little door opened. It was one minute after midnight, Sunday was just beginning. This day belonged to His Excellency the Inquisitor. He came in and saw the beaten Candide with a sword in his hand, a corpse spread out on the ground, Cunégonde looking scared, and the old woman giving her advice.

These are the thoughts that, at that precise instant, occurred to Candide, and this is the logic he followed: "If this holy man calls for help, he will unquestionably have me burned; he may also have Cunégonde burned; he had me whipped without mercy; he is my rival; I am in the middle of killing; there's no alternative." This logic was clear-cut and rapid; and without giving time to the Inquisitor to recover from his surprise, he ran him through, and tossed his body beside that of the Jew. "And now there's another one," said Cunégonde; "we won't be pardoned now; we are excommunicated; our last hour has come! How could you do it, you who were born so good-natured, how could you kill in the space of two minutes both a Jew and a clergyman?" "My dear miss," replied Candide, "when one is in love, jealous, and has been whipped by the Inquisition, one becomes a stranger to oneself."

The old woman then broke in, and said: "There are three Andalusian horses in the stables with their saddles and bridles. Let our brave Candide go and get them ready. My lady has some gold coins and some diamonds. Let us quickly mount our horses—though I have only one buttock on which to sit—and make for Cadiz. The weather is perfect, and there's nothing nicer than traveling in the cool of the night."

At once Candide saddled the three horses. Cunégonde, the old woman, and he traveled thirty miles without stopping. While they were making their escape, the police arrived at the house; the Inquisitor was buried in a beautiful church; and Issachar was thrown on the garbage dump.[40]

Candide, Cunégonde, and the old woman were already in the little town of Avacena, in the middle of the mountains of the Sierra Morena, and this is the conversation that was taking place between them in an inn.

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40. The theme of what happened to those denied Christian burial preoccupied Voltaire, and recurs in chapter 21.

"Who could have stolen my doubloons and my diamonds?" asked Cunégonde, weeping. "What will we live on? How will we get by? Where will I find an Inquisitor or a Jew who will give me more?" "Alas," said the old woman, "I strongly suspect a priest, a Franciscan friar, who slept last night in the same hotel as us in Badajoz. God prevent me from jumping to the wrong conclusion, but he came twice into our room, and he left long before us."[41] "Oh dear!" said Candide. "Good Pangloss often demonstrated to me that the goods of this world are owned in common by all human beings, that each person has an equal right to them.[42] If one accepts Pangloss's argument, this friar should certainly have left us enough to enable us to pay for the rest of our journey. Have you got nothing left at all, then, my beautiful Cunégonde?" "Not even small change," she replied.

In the same inn there was a Benedictine prior. He bought one of the horses at a bargain price. Candide, Cunégonde, and the old woman traveled by Lucena, by Chillas, by Lebrixa, and finally reached Cadiz. There a fleet was being prepared to sail, and troops were being collected to teach a lesson to the Jesuit priests in Paraguay, who were accused of having encouraged one of their tribes to revolt against the kings of Spain and Portugal, attacking the town of Sacramento.[43] Candide, having been enrolled in the Bulgar army, performed the Bulgar drill in front of the general and his tiny army with such grace, such speed, such skill, such pride, and such dexterity that he was given a company of infantry to command. So now he was a captain. He embarked with Miss Cunégonde, the old woman, two servants, and the two remaining Andalusian horses that had belonged to His Excellency the Chief Inquisitor of Portugal.

Throughout the crossing they discussed at length the philosophy of

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41. The modern reader finds the notion of the friar coming into their room (not once but twice) deeply puzzling. But eighteenth-century buildings normally required one to pass through one room to get to another—the corridor was a comparatively recent invention. The friar may therefore have simply been on his way to and from bed. Expectations regarding privacy were quite different then—the nearest contemporary example would be an overnight flight.

42. Pangloss' arguments are normally a satirical version of those of Leibniz and Wolff; but not here (or below on p. 31). It is possible that Rousseau's *Discourse on Inequality* is Voltaire's target.

43. In fact some money Voltaire had invested in Cadiz helped fund this expedition (D6676, D7433). Spain had agreed to transfer part of Paraguay to Portugal, but the local inhabitants and the Jesuits were resisting this.

poor Pangloss. "We are going to another world,"[44] said Candide. "I'm sure in that world we'll find that all is well. For one has to admit that what happens in our world, both in terms of physical and moral events, is enough to make one shudder a bit." "I love you with all my heart," said Cunégonde, "but my spirit is still completely shocked by what I have seen, by what I have experienced." "All will be well," replied Candide; "the sea of this New World is already superior to the seas of our Europe. It's calmer, the winds are less changeable. It's obvious that the New World is the best of all possible worlds." "I pray that it may be so," said Cunégonde; "but I have been so dreadfully unhappy in my world that my heart is almost sealed against any hope." "You two complain about what's happened to you," said the old woman; "Alas! You have no experience of misfortunes such as the ones I have suffered." Cunégonde almost broke out laughing; and thought it very amusing that this good woman would claim to be more unhappy than her. "Alas! My good woman," she said to her, "unless you have been raped by two Bulgars; unless you have been stabbed twice in the belly; unless two of your castles have been destroyed; unless you have had to watch while two mothers and two fathers have had their throats cut; and unless you have seen two of your lovers whipped in an auto-da-fé, I don't see how you can claim to have outdone me. Let me add that I was born a baroness with seventy-two quarterings to my coat of arms, and that I have had to work as a cook." "Miss," replied the old woman, "you don't know what the status of my parents was; and if I showed you my behind you wouldn't talk as you do, and you would suspend your judgment." This speech engendered a burning curiosity in Cunégonde and in Candide. The old woman spoke to them as follows.

Chapter Eleven: *The old woman's story*

"I didn't always have sore eyes, rimmed with raw flesh; my nose did not always touch my chin; and I haven't always been a servant. I am the daughter of Pope Urban X and the Princess of Palestrina.[45] Until I was fourteen years old I was brought up in a palace, one so grand that none of

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44. Literally, "We are going to another universe." Leibniz had claimed to show that this is the best of all possible *universes;* no individual world within it is necessarily the best of all possible worlds, any more than any particular country is necessarily the best of all possible countries, which means the question of where things are best is a perfectly sensible one, even for a follower of Leibniz. See below, p. 134.

45. There never has been a Pope Urban X. In the manuscript of *Candide* the pope is Clement X (1730–40). Papal "nephews" and "nieces," as the children of popes were politely termed, were not uncommon.

the castles of your German barons would be fit to serve as its stable; and one of my dresses was worth more than all the splendors of Westphalia. I grew up beautiful, graceful, talented, surrounded by delight, by deference, by hope. I already inspired men to fall in love with me. My chest was forming, and what a chest! White, firm, shaped like that of the Medici Venus![46] And what eyes! What eyelashes! What black eyebrows! What flames burned in my two pupils, and dimmed the twinkling of the stars, as the local poets said to me. The women who dressed me and undressed me fell into ecstasies when they looked at me from in front and from behind, and all the men would have wished to be in their place.

"I was engaged to the sovereign ruler of Massa-Carrara. What a prince! As beautiful as me, consisting entirely of sweetness and charming gestures, with a gleaming wit and a burning love. I loved him as one does when one loves for the first time; I idolized him; I was swept away. Preparations were made for the wedding. It was extravagant beyond precedent, magnificent beyond belief; there were feasts, tournaments, and comic operas one after another, and all Italy wrote sonnets about me, not a single one of which was any good. I was about to experience the ultimate happiness when an old marquise, who had been my prince's mistress, invited him to have a cup of chocolate at her place. He died in less than two hours in horrendous convulsions. But this is nothing, a trifle. My mother, in despair, although much less distressed than I was, wanted to get away for a while from such a dreadful event. She had a very beautiful estate near Gaeta. We boarded a local galley, covered in gold like the altar of St. Peter's in Rome. Suddenly a pirate ship from Salé[47] swooped on us and boarded us. Our soldiers defended us with all the courage you would expect of soldiers in the pope's service: they threw themselves on their knees, threw their weapons aside, and begged the pirates to absolve them of their sins as they were on the point of death.

"Immediately they were stripped as naked as monkeys; and my mother too; and our ladies-in-waiting; and myself. It was quite astonishing to see the speed with which these gentlemen got us all out of our clothes. But what surprised me even more is that each one of us had one of their fingers put in a place where we women, for our part, normally allow only an enema to be placed. This ritual seemed very peculiar to me; but everything seems peculiar if you have no experience of travel. I soon learned that it was in order to check that we hadn't hidden any diamonds there. It is a custom established since time immemorial among the civilized nations who hunt on the open sea. I learned that the knights of Malta, members of

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46. A famous statue from ancient Greece, owned by the Medici family of Florence.

47. In Morocco, a safe haven for pirates preying on Christian ships.

a religious order, never fail to perform this ritual when they seize Turks, whether male or female. It is required by an article of international law, one that has never been broken.

"I will not try to tell you how painful it is for a young princess to be taken off to Morocco as a slave, accompanied by her mother. You will be able to imagine everything we had to suffer on the pirate ship. My mother was still very beautiful; our ladies-in-waiting, even our mere servants, were more attractive than any woman in the whole of Africa. As for me, I was ravishing; I was the embodiment of beauty and of grace, and I was a virgin—though not for long. This flower that had been reserved for the handsome prince of Massa-Carrara was torn from me by the pirate captain. He was a loathsome Negro, who imagined he was doing me a great honor. Certainly my mother the Princess of Palestrina and I had to be strong indeed to live through everything we experienced during our journey to Morocco. But let's move on; these things are commonplace, and the time spent describing them is wasted.

"Morocco was bathed in blood when we arrived there. Fifty sons of the Emperor Muley Ismael each had a faction of his own, which resulted in effect in fifty civil wars: wars of blacks against blacks; of blacks against browns; of browns against browns; of half-castes against half-castes. The whole empire had been turned into one vast slaughterhouse.

"Scarcely had we put foot on dry land when the blacks of a faction opposed to that of my pirate arrived to take his booty from him. We were—second only to the diamonds and the gold—the most valuable part of his cargo. I was witness to a battle such as you would never see between people raised in your European climate—northerners don't have hot enough blood. They don't lust after women to the same degree as is commonplace in Africa. It seems as though you Europeans have milk in your veins; while it is sulfuric acid, it is liquid fire that flows in the veins of the people who live on Mount Atlas and in the surrounding countries. They fought with the fury of the lions, the tigers, and the snakes of that part of the world, in order to determine who should have us. A Moor seized my mother by the right arm; my captain's second-in-command had her by the left; a Moorish soldier grabbed her by one leg, and one of our pirates had her by the other. Almost all our servants found themselves at that same moment being pulled between four soldiers. My captain kept me hidden behind himself. He had his scimitar in his fist, and, in a blind rage, killed anyone who got in his way. Finally I saw all our Italian girls and my mother torn apart, cut up, massacred by the monsters who were fighting over them. My companions and fellow captives, those who had captured them, soldiers, sailors, blacks, browns, whites, half-castes, and finally my captain were all killed, and I remained, dying on top of a pile of dead bodies. Comparable events took place, as is well known, across a vast area

more than seven hundred and fifty miles across, while everyone continued faithfully to pray five times a day as required by Mohammed.

"I struggled to untangle myself from the heap of so many bloody bodies piled on top of each other, and dragged myself into the shade of a large orange tree that stood beside a nearby stream. There I fell to the ground, overwhelmed by fear, exhaustion, horror, despair, and hunger. Before long I slipped into a sleep that was more a loss of consciousness than a rest. I was in this state of feebleness and insensibility, hanging between life and death, when I felt myself being pressed down by something that was rubbing against my body. I opened my eyes; I saw a white man, rather good-looking, who moaned and grimaced, muttering, '*O che sciagura d'essere senza c. . . .*[48]'"

CHAPTER TWELVE: *Continuation of the dreadful experiences of the old woman*

"Astonished and delighted to hear the language of my homeland, and equally surprised by the words this man was uttering, I replied to him that there were worse things that could happen to one than the loss of which he was complaining. I explained to him in a few words just what horrors I had endured, and I slumped back exhausted. He carried me into a neighboring house, had me placed on a bed, gave me food to drink, looked after me, comforted me, humored me, told me that he had never seen anyone as beautiful as me, and that never before had he so much regretted the loss of that which had been his and which nobody could return to him. 'I was born in Naples,' he told me; 'there two or three thousand boys are castrated each year; some die as a result; some acquire a voice more beautiful than a woman's; and some are sent to govern whole provinces. In my case the operation was extremely successful, and I became a musician in the chapel of Her Lady the Princess of Palestrina.' 'In my mother's chapel!' I cried out. 'In your mother's chapel!' he cried, bursting into tears. 'What, are you that little princess whom I brought up until she was six years old, and who already showed signs of becoming as beautiful as you indeed are?' 'Yes, it's me. My mother is four hundred yards from here, cut into quarters under a pile of corpses . . .'

"I told him everything that had happened to me; and he told me his own adventures, and explained to me how he had been sent to the king of Morocco by a Christian ruler in order to conclude a treaty with him, under the terms of which he would be supplied with powder, cannons, and ships to assist him to destroy the trade of the other Christian states. 'My mission

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48. "Oh what a misfortune to have no balls!"

is complete,' said this honest eunuch; 'I am going to board ship at Ceuta, and I will take you back to Italy. *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza c. . . .!*'

"I thanked him with tears of affection, and instead of taking me to Italy, he took me to Algiers and sold me to the governor of that province. I had scarcely been sold when the plague, which has made the circuit of Africa, Asia, and Europe, broke out in Algeria in a dreadful epidemic. You have seen earthquakes, but, miss, have you ever been infected with plague?" "Never," replied the baroness.

"If you had been," continued the old woman, "you would have to admit that it is far worse than an earthquake. It is very common in Africa; I fell victim to it. Imagine my situation, the daughter of a pope, fifteen years of age, who in the space of three months had experienced poverty and slavery, had been raped almost every day, had seen her mother cut into four, had survived hunger and battle, and was dying of plague in Algeria. However I didn't die. But my eunuch, and the governor, and almost the whole harem of Algiers did die.

"When the death toll caused by this awful plague began to diminish, they sold the slaves who had belonged to the governor. A merchant bought me, and took me to Tunis. He sold me to another merchant, who sold me again at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was taken to Alexandria for resale; from Alexandria to Smyrna; from Smyrna to Constantinople. In the end I was the property of a general of the Janizaries,[49] who was soon commanded to go to the defense of Azof against the Russians who were besieging it.

"The general, who was a very gallant man, took his whole harem with him, and we stayed in a small fort overlooking the Sea of Azof. We were guarded by two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers. Enormous numbers of Russians were being killed, but they were killing just as many of our men. Azof was sacked,[50] and no distinction was made between men and women, old and young: all were killed. Only our little fort still held out. The enemy wanted to take us by starving us out. The twenty Janizaries had sworn never to give themselves up. The extreme hunger to which they were reduced forced them to eat our two eunuchs, for fear that otherwise they would break their oaths. After twenty days they resolved to eat the women.

"We had an imam[51] who was very pious and very tenderhearted. He made a fine speech to them trying to persuade them not to kill us outright. 'Cut,' said he, 'just one buttock off each of these women, and you will eat well. If you have to come back to them you will be able to obtain as much

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49. Elite troops in the sultan's army.

50. Azof fell in 1696, which implies the old woman was born around 1681 and is about seventy-five when she tells her story.

51. The equivalent of a chaplain.

again in a few days time. God will smile on you for so charitable an action, and you will have the sustenance you need.'

"He was eloquent indeed and he persuaded them. The dreadful operation he had proposed was carried out on us. The imam applied to our wounds the same ointment that they put on boys who have just been circumcised. We were all near death.

"Scarcely had the Janizaries eaten the meal that we had provided for them when the Russians arrived on flat-bottomed boats. Not a single Janizary escaped. The Russians were not at all interested in the condition in which we found ourselves. Wherever you go there are French surgeons; one of them who was fortunately very skillful took care of us; he cured us; and as long as I live I will not forget that when my wounds had properly healed, he propositioned me. However he told us all to console ourselves; he assured us that similar things had happened at other sieges, and that it was in accordance with the law of war.

"As soon as my companions could walk they were made to travel to Moscow. We were shared out amongst our captors, and I became the property of a boyar[52] who decided I should be his gardener and struck me twenty times a day with his whip. But two years later this lord was broken on the wheel with around thirty other noblemen because of some disagreement at court.[53] I seized my chance and ran away. I crossed the whole of Russia. For a long time I was a waitress in an inn in Riga; then in Rostock, in Vismar, in Leipzig, in Cassel, in Utrecht, in Leyden, in The Hague, in Rotterdam. I grew old in misery and disgrace, having only half of a backside, but I always remembered that I was the daughter of a pope. A hundred times I wanted to kill myself; but I was still in love with life. This ridiculous weakness is perhaps one of our most disastrous attachments; for is there anything more stupid than to choose to carry continuously a burden that at the same time one constantly wants to let drop to the ground? To hate one's existence, and to cling to it? To stroke the serpent that bites us, until it has eaten our heart out?

"In the countries that, carried along by chance, I traveled through, and in the inns in which I waited on table, I saw a vast number of people who loathed their lives; but I only saw twelve who put an end to their misery of their own free choice—three Negroes, four Englishmen, four Genevans, and a German professor named Robek.[54] I finished up as a servant in the household of Don Issachar the Jew; he sent me to work for you, my beautiful miss; I have attached myself to your destiny, and I have been

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52. A minor nobleman.

53. The revolt of the strelitz, 1698.

54. Johann Robeck (1672–1739) advocated suicide and drowned himself. Voltaire had read about him in S. Formey, *Mélanges philosophiques* (1754).

more occupied with your adventures than with my own. I would never even have spoken about my own terrible experiences, if you hadn't prodded me a bit to make me do it, and if it wasn't customary while on a voyage to tell stories in order to pass the time. Finally, miss, I am a person of experience, I know the world. Give yourself some fun; require each passenger to tell you their life story; and if you find a single one who has not repeatedly cursed their life, who has not said to themselves over and over again that they are the most unhappy person in the world, throw me in the sea head first."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: *How Candide was obliged to separate from lovely Cunégonde and from the old woman*

Lovely Cunégonde, having heard the old woman's story, treated her with all the politeness that one should show to a person of her rank and her condition. She accepted her proposal; she persuaded all the passengers, one after the other, to tell her their adventures. She and Candide had to admit that the old woman was right. "It's a great pity," said Candide, "that our wise Pangloss was hanged—contrary to established custom—during an auto-da-fé; he would tell us remarkable things about physical evil and moral evil, which between them cover both land and sea, and I would feel confident enough to dare formulate some objections, although I would of course express them with due respect."

As each person told their story the ship came closer to its destination. They made landfall at Buenos Aires. Cunégonde, Captain Candide, and the old woman went to see the Governor, Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza. This nobleman was as proud as someone with so many names ought to be. He spoke to people with an aristocratic disdain, his nose in the air, his voice painfully loud, his tone one that would permit no discussion, his manner so haughty that all who met him were tempted to hit him. He adored women beyond all reason. Cunégonde seemed to him the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. The first thing he did was to ask whether she was indeed the captain's wife. The manner in which he asked this question alarmed Candide. He did not dare say that she was his wife, for in truth she wasn't; he did not dare say she was his sister, because she wasn't that either; and although this white lie was long ago very fashionable, as history records, and although it could still be useful today, he was too decent a fellow to tell a lie.[55] "Miss Cunégonde," he said, "has promised to do me the honor of

55. Unlike Abraham, who twice described his wife as his sister (Genesis 12, 20): a famous article of Bayle's *Dictionary* ("Sara") is devoted to a discussion of the morality of such behavior.

marrying me, and we beg Your Excellency to be so gracious as to perform the ceremony."

Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza stroked his mustache and gave a wry smile. He ordered Captain Candide to go and inspect his company. Candide obeyed; the governor remained in the company of Miss Cunégonde. He declared his passion to her; assured her that tomorrow he would marry her in a Church ceremony, or not, for he would do whatever she preferred, for he could never say no to someone so charming. Cunégonde asked him for a quarter of an hour to collect her wits, to consult the old woman, and to reach a decision.

The old woman said to Cunégonde: "Miss, you have seventy-two quarterings on your coat of arms, and not a penny to your name. You have the opportunity to become the wife of the most powerful man in South America, a man with a very fine mustache. Do you really think you should take pride in resisting any and every temptation? You have been violated by the Bulgars; you have given yourself to a Jew and an inquisitor.[56] Your sufferings give you rights. I admit that if I was in your place I would have no scruples about marrying His Excellency the Governor, nor about making Captain Candide a rich man." While the old woman was talking, expressing herself with all the wisdom that age and experience give, a small ship was seen to enter the harbor; it carried an officer of the Inquisition and some guards, and this is what had happened.

The old woman had been quite right in her guess that, when they were in the town of Badajoz and she and Candide were fleeing from the law, Cunégonde's money and jewels had been stolen by a Franciscan friar. This friar wanted to sell some of the gems to a jeweler. The shopkeeper recognized them as belonging to the Grand Inquisitor. The Franciscan, before he was hanged, admitted that he had stolen them. He described the people from whom he had taken them, and the direction in which they were traveling. The flight of Candide and Cunégonde had already been discovered. They were followed to Cadiz. Without wasting time, a ship was sent off in pursuit of them. This ship had now arrived in the port of Buenos Aires. The news spread that an officer of the Inquisition was about to come ashore, and that he was pursuing the murderers of the Grand Inquisitor. The wise old woman immediately saw everything that had to be done. "You cannot fly," she said to Cunégonde, "and you have nothing to fear. It wasn't you who killed His Excellency; and in any case the Governor, who loves you, will not allow you to come to harm; stay here." She ran at once to Candide: "Flee," she said, "or within an hour they will burn

56. It would seem that Cunégonde lied to Candide in chapter 8, when she claimed to have resisted the Jew and the Inquisitor.

you. There is not a moment to lose." But how could he tear himself from Cunégonde? And where could he find safety?

Chapter Fourteen: *How Candide and Cacambo were received by the Jesuits of Paraguay*

Candide had brought with him from Cadiz a valet, a man of a sort that is common on the coasts of Spain and in the colonies. He was a quarter Spanish; his father was a half-caste in the province of Tucuman; he had been a choirboy, a sacristan, a sailor, a monk, a trader in the colonies, a soldier, a servant. He was called Cacambo, and was very attached to his master because his master was a very decent fellow. He saddled the two Andalusian horses without wasting a moment. "Let's go, master; let's do as the old woman advises; let's leave and gallop away without looking behind us." Candide broke into tears. "Oh my dear Cunégonde! Must I abandon you just when His Excellency the Governor was about to marry us! Cunégonde, brought here from so far away, what will become of you?" "She'll make the best of her situation," said Cacambo; "women are never at a loss when it comes to knowing what to do; God will look after her; let's be going!" "Where are you taking me? Where are we going? What will we do without Cunégonde?" was all Candide could say. "By St. Jerome of Compostella," said Cacambo, "you were going to fight against the Jesuits; now let's go and fight for them. I know the road well enough. I will take you to their kingdom.[57] They will be delighted to have a captain who knows how to do drill in the Bulgar fashion. You'll make yourself an enormous fortune. When one doesn't get what one wants in one world, one can find it in another. There's a great deal of pleasure in seeing and doing new things."

"So you've already been to Paraguay?"[58] Candide asked. "Oh yes, indeed I have," said Cacambo; "I was a kitchen hand in the college in Asunción,[59] and I am as familiar with the way in which Los Padres[60] run things as I am with the streets of Cadiz. Their rule is certainly remarkable. Their kingdom is already more than seven hundred and fifty miles across; it is divided into thirty provinces. Los Padres own everything in it, and the inhabitants own nothing. It's a masterpiece of logic and justice. In my view

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57. There were reports that a Jesuit had been elected king of Paraguay.

58. Voltaire had written a chapter on Paraguay for his *Essai sur les moeurs* in Jan. 1758; it appeared in the edition of 1761. Among his sources is the *Histoire du Paraguay* (1756) by Charlevoix, a Jesuit.

59. The capital of Paraguay—the towns of Paraguay (Sacramento, Asunción) are named after doctrines of the Catholic Church.

60. I.e., the Jesuit Fathers.

there's nobody cleverer than Los Padres, for here they are at war with the king of Spain and with the king of Portugal, while in Europe it is Jesuits who are confessors to these kings; here they kill Spaniards, and in Madrid they unlock the gates of heaven for them. I think it's wonderful! Let's keep moving. You are going to be the happiest man in the world. Think how pleased Los Padres will be when they learn that a captain who knows the Bulgar drill has come to join them!"

When they came to the first checkpoint, Candide said to the lookout that a captain wanted to talk to His Reverence the commanding officer. Word was sent back to headquarters. A Paraguayan officer ran to the commanding officer, bowed low before him, and told him the news. Candide and Cacambo were first disarmed; then their two Andalusian horses were taken from them. The two foreigners were brought forward between two ranks of soldiers. The commanding officer was at the end, with his three-cornered cap on his head, his cassock tied up, his sword at his side, his lance in his hand.[61] He made a sign; at once twenty-four soldiers surrounded the two newcomers. A sergeant explained to them that they would have to wait; that the commanding officer could not talk to them; that the Reverend Father Provincial[62] did not allow any Spaniard to speak unless he was present, or to remain in the country for more than three days.[63] "And where is the Reverend Father Provincial?" asked Cacambo. "He is inspecting the troops after having said Mass," replied the sergeant, "and you will have to wait three hours before you can kiss his spurs." "But," said Cacambo, "my captain, who is starving to death, just as I am, is not a Spaniard; he's a German. So can't we eat while we wait for His Reverence to come?"

The sergeant went off at once to report what Cacambo had said to the commanding officer. "God be thanked," said this gentleman. "Since he is a German I can speak to him; take him to my arbor." Straightaway Candide was taken to an open-air room with living walls, ornamented with a very pretty colonnade of green marble and of gold, and with trelliswork that enclosed parrots, different sorts of hummingbirds, guinea fowls, and all sorts of rare birds. A fine meal was laid out ready in dishes of gold; and while the Paraguayans ate corn out of wooden bowls in the open fields under the burning sun, the reverend father the commanding officer entered his shady arbor.

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61. It was contrary to Church law for a priest to wear a sword or engage in warfare.

62. The Jesuit with authority over all Jesuits in the province of Paraguay.

63. The text says "three hours"; but Voltaire says in the *Essai sur les moeurs* that Spaniards were never allowed to spend more than three days in Paraguay; "three hours" seems to be a corruption from the sentence after next; and if they could only stay three hours they couldn't be expected to wait three hours.

He was a very beautiful young man. His face was plump, white rather than brown, somewhat florid, with arched eyebrows, bright eyes, red ears, crimson lips, an air of pride, but his pride was not that of a Spaniard, nor a Jesuit. Candide and Cacambo were given back the weapons that had been taken from them, along with the two Andalusian horses; Cacambo fed them hay near the arbor, keeping his eye on them, in case they needed to escape.

First Candide kissed the hem of the cassock worn by the commanding officer, and then they sat down to table. "So you are German," the Jesuit said to him in that language. "Yes, my reverend father," said Candide. While these words were exchanged they both stared at each other in extreme surprise, feeling an emotion that they could not control. "And from what part of Germany do you come?" asked the Jesuit. "From the wretched province of Westphalia," said Candide; "I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh." "Oh heavens! Is it possible?" cried the commanding officer. "What a miracle!" cried Candide. Both fell backward; they embraced each other; they wept rivers of tears. "What! Is it you, my Reverend Father? Are you the brother of the beautiful Cunégonde? You, who were killed by the Bulgars! You, the son of my lord the baron! And now you're a Jesuit in Paraguay! One has to admit that this world is a strange place. Oh Pangloss! Pangloss! How happy you would be, had you not been hanged!"

The commanding officer ordered the Negro slaves to withdraw, and, along with them, the Paraguayans who were serving them drinks in goblets of rock crystal. He thanked God and St. Ignatius a thousand times; he grasped Candide in his arms; their faces were bathed in tears. "You would be even more astonished, more moved, more unable to control yourself," said Candide, "if I were to tell you that Miss Cunégonde, your sister, whom you believed disemboweled, is in perfect health." "Where?" "Quite nearby, for she is staying with His Excellency the Governor of Buenos Aires; and I came here to go to war against you." Every word they spoke during this long conversation gave new cause for astonishment, such prodigies they recounted. Their whole beings were speaking through their tongues, listening through their ears, sparkling through their eyes. As they were Germans they stayed at table for ages, while waiting for the Reverend Father Provincial; and the commanding officer spoke as follows to his beloved Candide.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN: *How Candide killed the brother of his beloved Cunégonde*

"As long as I live I will never cease to remember the dreadful day when I saw my mother and my father killed and my sister violated. When the

Bulgar troops withdrew, my adorable sister could no longer be found; and my mother, my father, myself, two maids and three little boys who had had their throats cut were loaded onto a cart to be taken for burial at a Jesuit chapel five miles from the castle of my ancestors. A Jesuit sprinkled us with holy water which was dreadfully salty; a few drops got into my eyes; the priest saw that my eyelash had made a tiny movement; he placed his hand on my heart and felt it beating; I was rescued, and after three weeks I had fully recovered. You know, my dear Candide, that I was very pretty, and I became prettier still. As a result the Reverend Father Croust,[64] who was in charge of the community, developed a passionate attachment to me; he gave me a novice's uniform to wear; soon after I was sent to Rome. The General of the Order needed to send additional numbers of young German Jesuits into the field. The rulers of Paraguay try and keep to the minimum the number of Spanish Jesuits sent to them; they prefer foreigners whom they believe will be easier to form. I was judged suitable by the Reverend Father General to go and labor in this vineyard. We set out: a Pole, someone from the Tyrol, and I. When I arrived I was promoted to subdeacon and lieutenant. I now hold the ranks of colonel and priest. We're putting up a stiff resistance against the forces of the king of Spain; I can assure you that they will be excommunicated and beaten. Providence has sent you here to assist us. But is it really true that my dear sister Cunégonde is nearby, staying with the Governor of Buenos Aires?" Candide assured him with a solemn oath that this was absolutely true. Their tears began to flow again.

The baron hugged Candide, and wanted never to let him go. He called him his brother, his savior. "Ah! Perhaps," he said to him, "we will be able, my dear Candide, to enter Buenos Aires together as conquerors, and be reunited with my sister Cunégonde." "There's nothing I want more," said Candide, "for I was planning to marry her, and I still hope to do so." "What insolence!" replied the baron. "Would you have the nerve to marry my sister, whose coat of arms has seventy-two quarterings! I think you're absolutely shameless to dare talk to me of such an outrageous plan!" Candide, terrified by this outbreak, replied "My Reverend Father, all the quarterings in the world have nothing to do with it; I rescued your sister from the arms of a Jew and of an Inquisitor; she is deeply in my debt; she wants to marry me. Dr. Pangloss always told me that all human beings are equal, and I will certainly marry her." "We'll see about that, you bastard!" said the Jesuit baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, and at the same moment he gave him an enormous blow on his face with the flat of his sword. Immediately Candide drew his sword, and stuck it into the stomach of the Jesuit baron right up to the hilt; but when he pulled it out, steaming with blood,

64. Rector of the Jesuit college at Colmar, and an enemy of Voltaire's.

he began to cry. "Alas, oh God!" he said, "I have killed the man who used to be my master, who is my friend, who would have been my brother-in-law; I am the finest fellow in the world, and look, I've already killed three men; and of these three, two have been priests."

Cacambo, who was keeping a lookout at the door of the arbor, ran up. "We have no choice but to sell our lives dearly," his employer said to him. "Someone is bound to come into the arbor soon; we must die with our weapons in our hands." Cacambo, who had been in tight spots before, did not lose his wits. He took the Jesuit cassock that the baron was wearing, and dressed Candide in it. He put the dead man's three-cornered hat on Candide's head, and shoved him onto a horse. This happened in the blink of an eye. "Let us gallop, master. Everyone will think you are a Jesuit rejoining his troops, and we will have crossed the frontier before they set out after us." He was already galloping as he spoke, and he began to shout aloud in Spanish: "Make way, make way for the Reverend Father Colonel."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN: *What happened to the two travelers when they met two girls, two apes, and the savages who are called Oreillons*

Candide and his manservant were past the guards, and no one in the garrison had yet realized that the German Jesuit was dead. Cacambo, always thinking ahead, had filled his pack with bread, chocolate, ham, fruit, and some bottles of wine. Mounted on their Andalusian horses, they were riding into an unknown land, one in which they could not identify any road. After a long journey, a beautiful meadow, with little streams cutting across it, lay in front of them. Our two travelers allowed their horses to graze. Cacambo urged his master to eat, and set him a good example. "How," said Candide, "can you expect me to eat ham when I have killed the son of His Excellency the Baron, and when it seems I am fated never to see my beautiful Cunégonde again as long as I live? What's the point of my surviving in misery for a few extra days, if I have to drag out my life far from her, eaten up by remorse and drowning in despair? And what do you think the *Journal de Trévoux* will say?"[65]

All the time he was speaking he was eating. The sun went down. The two lost travelers heard some faint cries that appeared to have been uttered by women. They could not tell if they were cries of pain or of delight; but they leaped to their feet. They were in an unknown land, and it didn't take much to make them anxious and alarmed. These shouts were coming from two completely naked girls who were running athletically along the edge of

65. An intellectual journal edited by the Jesuits.

the meadow while two apes bounded after them biting at their buttocks. Candide took pity on their plight. He had learned to shoot while in the Bulgar army, and he could have hit a nut in a bush without disturbing the surrounding leaves. He grabbed his double-barreled Spanish gun, fired, and killed the apes. "God be praised, my dear Cacambo. I have rescued those two poor creatures from a terrible danger; if I committed a sin when I killed an Inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have certainly made up for it now by saving the lives of two girls. Perhaps they are two young women of noble rank, and this adventure may ensure us a warm welcome in this country."

He was about to say more, but his tongue seized up when he saw these two girls tenderly embrace the two apes, melt into tears as they held their bodies, and heard them fill the air with the most heart-rending cries. "I didn't expect them to be so tenderhearted," he said eventually to Cacambo, who replied: "Well, that was really clever, master! You have killed the two young women's lovers." "Their lovers! Is it possible? You're making fun of me, Cacambo! Why would I believe you?" "Dear master," replied Cacambo, "you're taken by surprise at every turn of events; why do you find it so incredible that in some countries there are apes who win the hearts of young women? They are a quarter human, just as I am a quarter Spanish." "Alas!" Candide cried. "Now I remember hearing Dr. Pangloss say that such things had happened in the past, and that these unions had produced pans, fauns, and satyrs;[66] he said that several important people in the ancient world had seen them; but I thought these were only myths." "Well perhaps now you will admit that this is fact not fiction," said Cacambo, "and you can see how people behave when they haven't been brought up to think as we do. My only fear is that these ladies may get us into trouble."

These sensible remarks convinced Candide that they must leave the meadow and disappear into the woods. There he dined with Cacambo; and there they both, having cursed the Portuguese Inquisitor, the Governor of Buenos Aires, and the baron, fell asleep on a bank of moss. On waking they felt they could no longer move their limbs; the explanation for this

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66. Antoine Banier, *La Mythologie et les fables* (1740) argued that pans, fauns, and satyrs were in reality apes, misdescribed in antiquity. But this was not Voltaire's view, for he believed such creatures were the result of intercourse between humans and other species. His notebooks contain the following: "The apes called Jockos, orang-outangs, baboons mate with women, and it is not impossible that they produce offspring." (*Complete Works*, vol. 81 [Geneva: Institut et Musée Voltaire, 1968], 179.) In *Essai sur les moeurs* (1756), he suggests that such offspring would have been infertile (ed. Pomeau, vol. 1, p. 8). The view that apes were biologically extremely close to humans (perhaps even were humans) was commonplace, and is supported by Rousseau in his *Discourse on the Origins of Inequality* (1755), which Voltaire had read.

was that the two women had reported them to the Oreillons,[67] who live in that part of the continent, and during the night they had come and tied them up with ropes made from the bark of trees. They were surrounded by about fifty Oreillons, completely naked, armed with bows and arrows, clubs, and hatchets made of stone. Some of them were boiling water in a large cooking pot; others were preparing skewers, and they were all chanting: "We've got a Jesuit; we've got a Jesuit; we'll revenge ourselves and we'll eat well; let's eat a Jesuit! Let's eat a Jesuit!"

"I told you so, dear master," Cacambo cried out in dismay. "Those two girls have paid us back." Candide, catching sight of the cooking pot and skewers, cried out, "It's clear that we are going to be either roasted or boiled![68] Ah! What would Dr. Pangloss say, if he saw what mankind is like in its natural state.[69] All is well; perhaps it is, but I confess it is very cruel that I should lose Miss Cunégonde, and be skewered by the Oreillons." Cacambo never lost his composure. "Don't despair," he said to Candide, who was devastated. "I know a bit of the lingo these people speak. I'll have a word with them." "Don't forget," said Candide, "to explain to them how frightful and inhuman it is to cook human beings, and to point out to them how contrary to Christian principles this is."

"Good sirs," said Cacambo. "I gather you're planning on eating a Jesuit today. It's an excellent plan. Eating one's enemies is a fair and admirable practice. Indeed, the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbor, and this is how people behave throughout the world. If we Europeans don't exercise our right to eat our enemies, it's because we're not short of good food to eat; but you aren't as prosperous as we are; and it certainly makes more sense to eat one's enemies than to leave the fruit of one's victory to the crows and ravens. But gentlemen, you wouldn't want to eat one of your friends! You think you are about to have a kebab of Jesuit, but it's your defender, the enemy of your enemies, whom you are about to grill. As for me, I was born in your country; the gentleman you see is my employer, and, far from being a Jesuit, he has just killed a Jesuit, and is wearing the clothes he took off his back. That's why there's been a misunderstanding. In order to verify what I am saying, take off his cassock, take it to the nearest guard-post of the kingdom of Los Padres; and find out if my employer has not killed a Jesuit officer. It won't take you long; you can still

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67. Garcilaso de La Vega, *L'Histoire des Incas* (1744) describes the *Orejones* or Indians with large ears, who live north of Paraguay. An *oreillon* is an earflap attached to a cap.

68. Voltaire discusses cannibalism at length in chapter 146 of the *Essai sur les moeurs* (written Jan. 1758) and in an article of the *Dictionnaire philosophique* ("Anthropophages").

69. Again, a dig at Rousseau may be intended.

eat us later, if you discover that I have lied to you. But if I have told you the truth, then, since you are perfectly familiar with the principles of international law, with custom and due process, you will of course let us go."

The Oreillons agreed that what Cacambo said was perfectly reasonable. They selected two senior members of the tribe to go as fast as they could and find out the truth; the two representatives carried out their responsibilities with good sense, and soon came back carrying the good news. The Oreillons untied the two prisoners, treated them with great respect, offered young women to them, gave them refreshments, and accompanied them to the limits of their territory, chanting happily, "He's no Jesuit! He's no Jesuit!"

Candide couldn't stop talking about the reasons for his release. "What a people!" he said. "What men! What customs! If I hadn't had the good fortune to stick a sword right through the body of the brother of Miss Cunégonde I would have been eaten, and no plea of mitigation would have been accepted. But after all, mankind in its natural state is good, for these people, instead of eating me, have treated me terribly well since they discovered that I am not a Jesuit."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: *The arrival of Candide and his manservant in the country of El Dorado,*[70] *and what they saw there*

When they had reached the limits of the Oreillons' territory Cacambo turned to Candide and said: "Now you can see that this hemisphere is no better than the other one; take my advice; let us go back to Europe by the shortest route we can find." "How can we get back there?" asked Candide. "And where would we go if we did? If I go to my own country, then the Bulgars and the Abars are murdering everyone there. If I go back to Portugal, I'll be burned. And if we stay here we might at any moment be turned into a kebab. But how can I agree to leave the part of the world that is inhabited by Miss Cunégonde?"

"Let's go to Cayenne," said Cacambo; "there we will find some of the French people who wander all over the world; they will be able to help us. Perhaps God will have pity on us."

It was not easy to go to Cayenne. They had a good idea as to which direction they ought to walk in; but mountains, rivers, cliffs, highwaymen, and savages were dreadful obstacles that had to be overcome again and again. Their horses died of exhaustion. Their supplies ran out. For a

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70. Voltaire was familiar with Sir Walter Raleigh's account of El Dorado, which he placed near Guyana, and he summarizes accounts of El Dorado in chapter 151 of the *Essai sur les moeurs* (written Jan. 1758).

whole month they lived on wild fruits, and eventually they found themselves on the banks of a little river, alongside which coconut trees grew. The coconuts gave them new strength and new hope.

Cacambo, who always gave advice as good as that given by the old woman, said to Candide: "We can't go on. We've walked enough. I see an empty canoe on the river bank; let us fill it with coconuts, climb into this little boat, and allow ourselves to float with the current. A river must lead in the end to some habitation. If we don't end up somewhere we like, we will at least end up somewhere we haven't been before." "Let's go," said Candide. "Let's put our trust in Providence."

They sailed for some miles between river banks that were sometimes covered in flowers, sometimes bare; sometimes flat and sometimes sheer. The river got bigger with every mile; finally it disappeared under an arch of terrifying rocks that rose upward until they seemed to touch the sky. The two travelers were so bold as to allow the current to carry them into the darkness. The river, squeezed between the rocky walls, carried them along at great speed with a terrifying roar. After twenty-four hours they saw daylight again; but their canoe smashed against an underwater rock. They had to clamber from rock to rock for two whole miles: finally they emerged on a vast plain surrounded by unclimbable mountains. The land was cultivated to provide beautiful vistas as well as food. Everywhere what was useful was also delightful. The roads were crowded, or rather decorated with carriages of a design and material that was absolutely splendid, carrying men and women who were exceptionally beautiful, drawn rapidly along by large red sheep[71] who were faster than the handsomest horses in Andalusia, Tetouan, or Meknes.[72]

"Well," said Candide, "this country is certainly better than Westphalia." He descended with Cacambo at the first village they reached.[73] Some local children, dressed in golden brocades that were torn and ragged, were playing at quoits at the entrance to the small town. Our two men from another world amused themselves by watching them. Their quoits were fairly large, round platters, colored yellow, red, and green, which glinted strangely. The travelers soon wanted to pick up one or two of them; they were made of gold, of emeralds, of rubies. The smallest one would have been the finest ornament on the throne of the Mogul Emperor. "Doubtless," said Cacambo, "these children playing at quoits are the sons of the king of this country." The village schoolmaster appeared at that moment to make them go back to school. "There," said Candide, "is the tutor to the royal family."

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71. These are llamas, though llamas do not in fact serve as draft animals.

72. Tetouan and Meknes are in North Africa.

73. Presumably they have mounted in one of the carriages.

The little scamps immediately abandoned their game, leaving their quoits on the ground, and all the rest of the apparatus that they had employed in their game. Candide picked them up, ran to the teacher, and handed them to him respectfully, gesturing to convey to him that their royal highnesses had forgotten their gold and their precious stones. The local schoolmaster, smiling, threw them back on the ground, looked Candide in the face for a moment with considerable puzzlement, and continued on his way.[74]

Our travelers did not fail to pick up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds. "Where are we?" cried Candide. "It would seem that in this country the king's children are very well brought up, for they are taught to despise gold and jewels." Cacambo was every bit as surprised as Candide. Finally they approached the first house on the edge of the village. It was built like a palace in Europe. A crowd of people pressed against the door, and even more were crammed in doors. There was beautiful music being played, and a delightful smell of cooking reached them. Cacambo came closer to the door, and discovered they were speaking Peruvian.[75] This was his mother tongue, for you all know that Cacambo was born in Tucuman, in a village where that was the only language spoken. "I will be your interpreter," he said to Candide. "Let's go in, for this is a hotel."

At once two boys and two girls who worked there, and were dressed in cloth of gold, with their hair tied up with ribbons, invited them to sit at the top table. Four soups were being served, each garnished with two parrots; a boiled condor that weighed two hundred pounds; two apes, roasted, which tasted delicious; three hundred hummingbirds in one dish; and six hundred hummingbirds of a different species in another; some exquisite stews and delicious pastries; and everything was served on plates made from some type of rock crystal. The waiters and waitresses served several drinks made from cane sugar.

Their companions were for the most part businessmen and carters, all of them extremely polite, who asked Cacambo some questions, but with the utmost discretion, and who replied to his inquiries in a straightforward manner.

When the meal was finished, Cacambo believed—and Candide did too—that they would more than pay their bill by tossing onto the table two of the large pieces of gold they had picked up; the landlord and landlady burst out laughing, and for a long time they could barely stand. Finally they recovered. "Gentlemen," said the landlord, "we can certainly

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74. Gold was supposed to be so common in El Dorado as to be worthless; but Voltaire is perhaps also thinking of More's *Utopia*, where contempt for gold and jewels is carefully inculcated.

75. Voltaire must intend to refer to the language of the Incas.

see that you are foreigners, although we very rarely see foreigners here. Forgive us if we burst into laughter when you tried to pay with pebbles picked up from our high street. You probably don't have any of our local money, but you don't need any to eat here. All the hotels established to further trade are funded by the government.[76] You have had a rather second-rate meal here, as this is a poor village, but everywhere else you will be received as you deserve to be." Cacambo explained to Candide everything that the landlord had said, and Candide listened to his words with the same astonishment and bewilderment as his friend Cacambo felt in speaking them. "What country is this?" they asked each other, "which is unknown to the rest of the world, and where the whole order of nature is quite different from ours?" "This is probably the country in which all goes well; for it is absolutely necessary that there should be one place that can be so described. And, whatever Dr. Pangloss said, I often noticed that in Westphalia everything went badly."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: *What they saw in the land of El Dorado*

Cacambo explained to the landlord just how eager he was for information. The landlord said to him, "I'm terribly ignorant, which suits me fine. But we have an old chap here who has retired from life at court. He is the most knowledgeable person in the kingdom, and the most voluble." At once he took Cacambo to meet the old man. Candide was now reduced to a supporting role, and accompanied his valet. They went into a very humble dwelling, for the door was only made of silver and the paneling of the rooms was only of gold, although worked in such good taste that it would have stood comparison with the most luxurious. The antechamber, one must admit, was only encrusted with rubies and emeralds, but the skill with which the overall effect was achieved certainly justified this extreme simplicity.

The old man received the two foreigners on a sofa upholstered in hummingbird feathers, and offered them drinks in glasses made of diamond; after which he satisfied their curiosity as follows:

"I am one hundred and seventy-two years old, and I learned from my late father, who was equerry to the king, the astonishing political revolutions that took place in Peru, of which he was an eyewitness. The kingdom we are in is the original homeland of the Incas, who very unwisely left it to conquer a vast empire, and who were eventually destroyed by the Spaniards.

"The princes of the royal household who remained in the country of their birth were wiser; they decreed, with the consent of the nation, that

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76. Garcilaso de La Vega reports the Incas had state-funded hotels for travelers.

no inhabitant should ever leave our little kingdom; and this is what has preserved our innocence and our happiness. The Spaniards have had a rather hazy knowledge of the existence of this country; they have called it El Dorado, and an Englishman, named Sir Raleigh, even came close to here about a hundred years ago; but as we are surrounded by unclimbable mountains and by cliffs, we have always been, so far, sheltered from the rapacity of the European nations, who have an incredible mania for the pebbles and mud of our land, and who, in order to get their hands on them, would kill every one of us and leave not a single survivor."

Their conversation lasted a long time; they discussed the structure of the government, the customs of the people, the women, the public spectacles, and the arts. Finally Candide, who still had a taste for metaphysics, had Cacambo ask whether the inhabitants had a religion.

The old man blushed a little. "How on earth," he asked, "could you doubt it? Do you imagine we are without gratitude?" Cacambo asked respectfully what the religion of El Dorado was. The old man blushed again. "Do you mean that there can be more than one religion?" he asked. "We have, I believe, the same religion as everyone else; we worship God during every free moment." "Do you only worship one god?" asked Cacambo, who continued to serve as an interpreter for Candide's queries. "It would seem obvious," said the old man, "that there aren't two, or three, or four gods. I must confess that the people from your world ask some rather strange questions!" Candide was not tired of having questions put to this good old man on his behalf. He wanted to know how one prayed to God in El Dorado. "We don't pray to him," said the good and respectable man of wisdom; "we don't have anything to ask of him; he has given us everything we need, and we thank him continuously." Candide was curious to see some priests; he asked where they could be found. The good old man smiled. "My friends," he said, "we are all priests; every morning the king and all the heads of families solemnly sing hymns of thanksgiving, and five or six thousand musicians accompany them." "What, you don't have monks who teach, who argue, who rule, who conspire, and who burn people who don't agree with them?" "We'd have to be mad," said the old man. "Here we all agree with each other, and we don't understand what you're trying to say with your talk about monks." Candide was thrilled by every word he heard, and said to himself "This is quite different from Westphalia and from life in the castle of my lord the baron; if our friend Pangloss had seen El Dorado he would not have said that the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh was the best place on earth; it's evident that one should travel."

After this long conversation, the good old man had six sheep harnessed to a carriage, and lent a dozen of his servants to the two travelers to take them to the court. "Forgive me," he said to them, "if my old age deprives

me of the honor of accompanying you. The king will receive you in such a manner that you will have no complaints, and I trust you will excuse the local customs if any of them displease you."

Candide and Cacambo climbed into a carriage; the six sheep galloped; and in less than four hours they arrived at the palace of the king, which was situated at one end of the capital city. The entrance was an arch eighty yards high and thirty-five wide; it is impossible to describe the material of which it was made. But you can imagine the immense degree to which it must have been superior to the pebbles and sand that we call gold and precious stones.

Twenty beautiful women of the royal guard received Candide and Cacambo as they descended from the carriage and took them to the baths; there they were dressed in clothes made of a fabric consisting of the down of hummingbirds; after which great officers (both male and female) of the monarchy took them to the state rooms of His Majesty; they passed between two rows of musicians, a thousand in each row, as was the custom. When they approached the throne room, Cacambo asked a senior official how one ought to behave in order to greet His Majesty? Should one throw oneself on one's knees, or prostrate oneself on the ground? Should one place one's hands on one's head or one's behind? Should one lick the dust off the floor?[77] In a word, what was the appropriate ceremony to observe? "The custom," said the senior official, "is to hug the king and to kiss him on both cheeks."[78] Candide and Cacambo threw themselves into His Majesty's arms; he received them with perfect politeness, and graciously invited them to dine.

While they were waiting for it to be time for dinner they were shown around the town. The public buildings were tall enough to touch the clouds; the markets were ornamented with a thousand columns. There were fountains that ran with pure water, fountains that ran with rose water, fountains that ran with a drink made from cane sugar. They gushed continually in the main squares, which were paved with some sort of precious stone that gave off a scent that resembled that of cloves or cinnamon. Candide asked to see the courts of justice and the Supreme Court; he was told that there were no such buildings, as law cases were unknown. He asked if there were any prisons, and he was told there were none. What surprised him even more, and delighted him the most, was the palace of knowledge, in which he saw a gallery a mile long, full of mathematical and astronomical instruments.

After having spent the whole afternoon looking at just a thousandth part of the whole city, they were taken back to the royal palace. Candide sat

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77. Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* describes such behavior at the court of Luggnag.

78. This is how Voltaire would have greeted his friends.

at table between His Majesty, his manservant Cacambo, and several ladies. Never has there been better food served, and never has anyone enjoyed good food and good company more than His Majesty. Cacambo explained the king's witty remarks to Candide, and even in translation they did not lose their wit. There was much to astonish Candide; but this was as astonishing as anything could be.

They spent a month as the king's guests. Candide kept saying to Cacambo: "It is true, my friend, I admit it once more, that the castle where I was born is insignificant compared to where we now find ourselves; but, when all's said, Miss Cunégonde isn't here; and I'm sure you have a mistress or two in Europe. If we stay here we will never be anybody special; while if we return to our world, even if we take only twelve sheep laden with pebbles from El Dorado, we will be richer than all the kings added together. We will no longer have to fear any inquisitors, and we will easily be able to get back Miss Cunégonde."

Cacambo liked these sentiments. Everyone likes to compete, to make themselves seem important to their friends and relations, to boast about what they have seen on their travels. Candide and Cacambo were happy, but they decided to stop being happy and to ask His Majesty for permission to leave.

"You're making a bad mistake," the king said to them. "I know my country is nothing special; but when you find yourself in reasonable circumstances, wherever you may be, you should settle down there. But I certainly don't have the right to hold strangers against their will; that would be tyrannical, and contrary to both our customs and our laws.[79] All men are free; leave when you choose, but it is very hard to get out. It is impossible to go against the current, to go back up the fast-flowing river that brought you here by a miracle, and emerge on the other side of the tunnel through the rocks. The mountains that surround my kingdom are ten thousand feet high, and rise straight upward like walls. Each one of them is twenty-five miles across; and the descent is a sheer drop. However, since you are absolutely determined to leave, I will give instructions to the people who specialize in mechanical matters to make you a machine that can transport you conveniently. When you have been taken to the far side of the mountains you will have to proceed on your own, for my subjects have taken a vow never to leave their enclosure, and they are too wise to break their word. Ask me, before you go, for anything you please." "We ask Your Majesty only for a few sheep laden with food, with pebbles, and with the local mud." The king laughed. "I don't understand," he said, "what it is that makes you people from Europe so interested in our yellow mud; but take as much of it as you like, and a lot of good may it do you."

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79. Frederick the Great had tried to prevent Voltaire from leaving Prussia in 1753.

He immediately ordered his engineers to make a machine that would transport these two strange men out of the country. Three thousand first-rate scientists worked on the problem; the machine was ready after a fortnight, and cost no more than twenty million English pounds sterling, which is the local currency.[80] Candide and Cacambo were put onto the machine; along with them there were two large red sheep with saddles and bridles for them to ride when they arrived on the other side of the mountains; twenty pack-sheep laden with food; thirty carrying gifts consisting of rarities from the region; and fifty laden with gold, precious stones, and diamonds. The king tenderly embraced the two wanderers.

Their departure was a fine spectacle, as was the ingenious way in which they and their sheep were hoisted to the top of the mountains. The scientists said good-bye to them, having seen them safely over, and Candide had no desire and no ambition except to go and present his sheep to Miss Cunégonde. "We have," he said, "enough to pay the Governor of Buenos Aires, should he be willing to exchange Miss Cunégonde for money. Let us walk toward Cayenne, find a boat, and then we will see what kingdom we can buy for ourselves."

CHAPTER NINETEEN: *What happened to them in Surinam, and how Candide got to know Martin*

The first day's journey was quite pleasurable. Our two travelers took heart from the idea that they would be owners of more wealth than could be found if the treasure of Asia, Europe, and Africa were collected together. Candide, carried away, carved Cunégonde's name on the trees. On the second day two of their sheep became bogged down in a marsh, and were swallowed up along with the loads on their backs. Two other sheep died of exhaustion a few days later. Seven or eight then died of hunger in a desert. A few days later some more fell over a cliff. Finally, after a hundred days of traveling they only had two sheep left. Candide said to Cacambo: "My friend, you see how the riches of this world slip away. There is nothing that endures except virtue, and the happiness of seeing Miss Cunégonde again." "I agree," said Cacambo, "but we still have two sheep, with more treasure on their backs than the king of Spain will ever own; and I can see in the distance a city that I suspect is Surinam, which belongs to the Dutch. We are at the end of our sufferings; our happiness begins here."

As they approached the city they came across a Negro stretched out on

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80. Voltaire surely does not mean, as some have thought, that the currency of El Dorado is the English pound; rather he must mean that El Dorado, like England, measures value in terms of relative weights of pure silver (not gold, which is too common to serve as a currency).

the ground. He had lost half his clothes; he was wearing what remained of a pair of shorts made of blue canvas. This poor man had lost his left leg and his right hand. "Ah! Good God!" said Candide to him in Dutch, "what are you doing there, my friend, in this terrible state in which I find you?" "I am waiting for my master, Mr. Vanderdendur, the famous merchant," replied the Negro. "Was it Mr. Vanderdendur," asked Candide, "who treated you like this?" "Yes, sir," said the Negro. "It's customary. They give us a pair of canvas shorts twice a year, and these are the only clothes we have. When we work in the sugar refineries, and we get one of our fingers caught in the mechanism, they cut the hand off. When we try and escape, they cut a leg off. Both have happened to me. This is the price that has to be paid so that you can eat sugar in Europe.[81] But when my mother sold me on the coast of Guinea for ten Patagonian dollars she said to me: 'My dear child, bless your fetishes,[82] worship them as long as you live, and they will ensure that you live happily; you have the honor to be a slave to our lords the whites, and thereby you have made your father and your mother wealthy.' Alas! I don't know if I made them wealthy, but they certainly didn't make me happy. Dogs, apes, and parrots are a thousand times less miserable than we are: the Dutch witch doctors who have converted me say every Sunday that we are all the children of Adam, whites and blacks. I am no genealogist, but if these preachers tell the truth, then we are all second cousins. But you'll have to admit that one couldn't treat one's relatives in a more dreadful fashion."

"Oh Pangloss!" cried Candide, "you never imagined such an abomination could exist. That's it; in the end I have no choice but to give up your optimism."[83] "What's optimism?" asked Cacambo. "Alas!" said Candide, "it's the madness that leads one to maintain that all is well when one's own life is dreadful." And he wept at the sight of his Negro, and he was still weeping as he entered Surinam.

The first thing they did was inquire as to whether there was a boat in harbor that one could send to Buenos Aires. The person whom they asked was actually a Spanish ship owner, who said he could offer them a deal on favorable terms. He arranged to meet them in a bar. Candide and the faithful Cacambo went there to wait for him with their two sheep.

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81. Voltaire received a copy of Helvétius's *De l'esprit* on 18 Oct. 1758, and draws on it for his attack on slavery, which is a late addition, for it is missing from the manuscript; he had already covered similar ground in chapter 152 of the *Essai sur les moeurs,* written in Jan. 1758. Voltaire's account of the customary treatment of slaves in Surinam is, unfortunately, accurate.

82. I.e., your gods.

83. This is the only time the word "optimism" appears in the text of *Candide,* and this section is a late addition.

Candide, who was incapable of deception, told the Spaniard all of their adventures, and admitted to him that he wanted to make off with Miss Cunégonde. "I'll take care not to take you to Buenos Aires," said the ship owner; "I would be hanged, and so would you. The beautiful Cunégonde is the favorite mistress of His Excellency." This was a wretched shock for Candide. He cried and cried. Finally he took Cacambo to one side: "Look, my dear friend," he said to him, "this is what you must do. We each of us have in our pockets five or six million in diamonds; you are better at getting things done than I am; go and get hold of Miss Cunégonde in Buenos Aires. If the governor tries to cause trouble, give him a million; if he doesn't become amenable, give him two. You haven't killed an inquisitor, they won't be suspicious of you. I will provision another ship, I will go to Venice and meet you there. It's a free country where one doesn't need to fear Bulgars and Abars, nor Jews and inquisitors." Cacambo applauded this sound proposal. He was in despair at the prospect of separating from such a good master, who had become his close friend, but the pleasure of being useful to him overcame his grief at leaving him. They embraced each other with tears rolling down their cheeks. Candide urged him not to forget the good old woman. Cacambo left that very day. What a fine chap this Cacambo was.

Candide remained for a while in Surinam, and waited for another ship owner who would be willing to take him to Italy, along with the two surviving sheep. He hired some servants, and bought everything that would be necessary for a long voyage; finally Mr. Vanderdendur, captain of a large ship, came and introduced himself. "How much do you want," Candide asked this fellow, "to take me straight to Venice, that is myself, my servants, my baggage, and the two sheep you see over there?" The ship owner agreed to charge ten thousand piastres. Candide didn't hesitate.

"Ah! Ha!" said Vanderdendur, who knew about business, "this foreigner pays ten thousand piastres without a moment's anxiety. He must be rich indeed." So he came back a moment later, and explained that he could not sail for less than twenty thousand. "Very well," said Candide, "I'll pay."

"Ohhh!" the merchant said under his breath, "this chap pays twenty thousand piastres as easily as ten thousand." He turned round again, and said that he could not take him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piastres. "Then I will pay you thirty thousand," replied Candide.

"Ah! Ha!" the Dutch merchant said to himself again, "thirty thousand piastres seems like nothing to this chap here. Presumably the two sheep are carrying immense wealth. Let's not ask for more. Let's first get him to pay the thirty thousand and then we'll see." Candide sold two little diamonds, the smallest of which was worth more than the whole sum requested by the ship owner. He paid him in advance. The two sheep were

put on board. Candide followed in a little boat to join the vessel that was moored in the channel; the ship owner saw his opportunity, raised the sails, cast off; the wind was behind him. Candide, shocked and amazed, soon lost sight of him. "Alas!" he cried. "That was a trick worthy of the Old World." He returned to the shore sunk in depression; for after all he had lost a treasure that would have transformed the finances of twenty kings had it been shared among them.

He went to see the Dutch judge; and as he was a little distressed, he banged hard on his door. He went in, described what had happened to him, and shouted a bit louder than was appropriate. The judge began by fining him ten thousand piastres for the noise he had made. Then he listened patiently to him, promised him that he would look into the matter as soon as the merchant had returned, and charged another ten thousand piastres in fees for attending to the matter.

This hearing finally drove Candide to despair. In truth he had survived blows that were a thousand times more painful; but the heartlessness of the judge, along with that of the ship owner who had robbed him, made him bilious, and plunged him into a black despair. The wickedness of men was now apparent to him in all its ugliness; his mind was full of dark and dismal thoughts. Finally he discovered that a French ship was on the point of leaving for Bordeaux. As he no longer had any sheep laden with diamonds to ship, he rented a cabin at a fair price, and let it be known around town that he would pay the passage and board, and would give two thousand piastres to an honest man who would travel with him, on condition that this man should be the most disgusted with his situation and the most unhappy in the province.

A crowd of applicants, so numerous a whole fleet would not have had room for them all, came to his door. Candide, wanting to make a short-list of those who appeared the most suitable, picked out twenty people who seemed to him to be reasonably sociable, and all of whom claimed to be more deserving than the rest. He gathered them together in his inn and gave them dinner on condition that each one took an oath to give an accurate account of the story of his life, promising that he would choose the person who seemed to him to be the most pitiable, and to have the best reasons for being the most discontented with his situation, and would give each of the rest a small gift.

The session lasted until four in the morning. Candide, listening to all their stories, remembered what the old woman had said to him on the way to Buenos Aires, and the wager she had made, that there was no one on the boat who had not experienced terrible ill fortune. He thought of Pangloss as he listened to each story. "That Pangloss," he said, "would find it very difficult to demonstrate the truth of his system. I wish he were here. Certainly if everything is well then it is so in El Dorado, and not elsewhere

on the earth." Finally he decided to select a poor scholar who had spent ten years working for publishers in Amsterdam. He decided that there was no occupation in the world with which one was entitled to be more disgusted.

This scholar, who was, moreover, a good chap, had been robbed by his wife, beaten up by his son, and abandoned by his daughter, who had eloped with a Portuguese. He had just lost a poorly paid job on which he had relied to keep body and soul together, and the preachers of Surinam were persecuting him because they thought he was a Socinian.[84] One must admit that the other applicants were at least as miserable as he was; but Candide hoped that the scholar would entertain him during the voyage. All those in competition with him were of the view that Candide had done them a terrible injustice, but he pacified them by giving each of them one hundred piastres.

CHAPTER TWENTY: *What happened to Candide and Martin while they were at sea*

Thus the old scholar, who was called Martin, set sail for Bordeaux with Candide. Both had seen a great deal and suffered a great deal. Even if the ship had been supposed to sail from Surinam to Japan via the Cape of Good Hope they would have had enough to say to each other about moral evil and physical evil to occupy the whole voyage.

However Candide had a great advantage over Martin, for he still hoped to see Miss Cunégonde again, while Martin had nothing to hope for; moreover Candide had some gold and some diamonds, and, although he had lost one hundred large red sheep laden with the most valuable treasures in the world, though the thought of the way in which the Dutch ship owner had robbed him gnawed at him constantly, yet, when he thought of what he had left in his pockets, and when he spoke of Cunégonde, especially when he was finishing a meal, at such times he tended to favor the philosophy of Pangloss.

"But you, Mr. Martin," he said to the scholar, "what do you think of all that? What's your opinion with regard to moral evil and physical evil?" "Sir," replied Martin, "the local priests accused me of being a Socinian, but the truth is that I am a Manichean." "You're making fun of me," said Candide, "there are no Manicheans left in the world."[85] "There's me,"

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84. Faustus and Laelius Socinus, sixteenth-century Italian founders of Socinianism, were unitarians who rejected the doctrine of original sin.

85. Mani was a Persian philosopher of the third century C.E. who taught that there were two gods, one good and one evil. St. Augustine was in his youth a Manichean, and the Manicheans influenced the Cathars who flourished in southern France in

said Martin. "I don't know what to do about it, but I can't think differently." "You must be possessed by the devil," said Candide. "He is so busy occupying himself with what happens in this world," said Martin, "that he could easily be possessing my body, just as he is present everywhere else; but I admit to you that if I look at this globe, or rather at this globule,[86] it seems to me that God has handed it over to some malevolent being—with the exception, of course, of El Dorado. I don't think I've seen a town that didn't want to see the town nearest to it destroyed, or a family that didn't want to see some other family wiped out. Everywhere the weak loathe the powerful, while cringing before them, and the powerful treat them like sheep whose wool and meat go to market. A thousand assassins organized in regiments run from one end of Europe to another, carrying out murder and robbery to feed themselves while never disobeying orders, for there is no more respectable occupation. And in those towns that seem to be enjoying peace, where commerce and the arts flourish, people are so eaten up with envy, anxiety, and disquiet that they would be less miserable in a city under siege. Their secret sufferings are even more painful than their public miseries. In a word, I have seen so much, and experienced so much, that I am a Manichean."

"But there is good in the world," replied Candide. "That may be," replied Martin, "but I have no experience of it."

In the middle of this discussion they became aware of the sound of artillery. With every passing moment the noise became twice as loud. Each picked up his telescope. They could see two ships about three miles away that were firing at each other. The wind brought them both so close to the French vessel that they had the pleasure of watching the battle in comfort. Finally one of the two ships let fire at the other a broadside so low and so accurate that it sank. Candide and Martin clearly saw a hundred or so men on the deck of the vessel that was going under; they all raised their hands to the heavens and let out terrible cries; in a moment they and their ship were swallowed up.

"Well," said Martin, "that is how people treat each other." "It is true," said Candide, "that there is something diabolical in such an event." While he was talking he caught sight of something—one couldn't tell quite what—colored bright red, which was swimming close to their ship. A boat was lowered to see what it might be; it was one of Candide's sheep. He was more delighted at recovering this sheep than he had been dismayed at

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the twelfth century. Pierre Bayle, in his *Dictionary* (article "Manicheans"), had argued that dualists were in the best position to give an account of the world as we experience it.

86. Voltaire is the first to use the word "globule" in this way; in his correspondence it occurs on 26 June 1758 and 9 Dec. 1758.

losing a hundred of them, each laden with large diamonds from El Dorado.

The French captain was soon able to tell that the captain of the ship doing the sinking was Spanish, and the captain of the ship being sunk was a Dutch pirate; it was the very person who had robbed Candide. The immense wealth that this evil man had stolen was buried with him at sea, and only one sheep was saved. "You see," said Candide to Martin, "that crime is sometimes punished; this bastard Dutch ship owner has suffered the fate he deserved." "Yes," said Martin, "but was it necessary that the passengers who were on his ship should die as well? God may have punished this wretch, but it was the devil who drowned the rest of them."

However the French and Spanish vessels continued on their journey, and Candide continued his conversations with Martin. They argued for fifteen days nonstop, and at the end of fifteen days they were no further forward. But at least they talked to each other, they exchanged ideas, they comforted each other. Candide stroked his sheep. "Since I've met up with you again," he said, "there's no reason why I shouldn't meet up with Cunégonde."

Chapter Twenty-One: *Candide and Martin approach the coast of France, philosophizing all the while*

Finally they could see the coast of France. "Have you ever been to France, Mr. Martin?" asked Candide. "Yes," said Martin, "I have traveled through several parts of the country. In some places half the inhabitants are crazy; in some places people are too cunning; in others most people are rather good-natured and rather stupid; in some places people cultivate their intelligence; and wherever you go the people's first preoccupation is love; their second is speaking ill of each other; and their third is talking nonsense." "But, Mr. Martin, have you been to Paris?" "Yes, I've been to Paris; there's something of everything I've described to be found there; it's a chaos, a crowd in which everybody is looking for pleasure, and where almost no one finds it, at least as far as I could tell. I didn't stay there long; no sooner had I arrived than I was robbed of everything I had by pickpockets at the St. Germain fair. Then I was accused of being a thief myself and I spent eight days in prison; after which I did some proofreading in order to earn enough money to be able to walk back to Holland. I knew writers, religious revivalists, politicians—every one of them worthless. They say there are some very civilized people in Paris; I suppose I'm prepared to believe it."

"For my part, I have no interest in seeing France," said Candide; "you'll have no difficulty in understanding that when one has spent a month in El Dorado one loses all interest in seeing anything else on this earth, except

for Miss Cunégonde. I'm going to wait for her in Venice; I'm going to go across France to get to Italy; won't you come with me?" "I'd be happy to," said Martin. "They say that Venice is a decent place to be only if you're a Venetian noble, but they also say that foreigners are warmly welcomed there if they have plenty of money. I have none; you have lots; I'll stick close to you." "By the way," said Candide, "do you think the earth was originally covered by the sea, as is maintained in that fat book that belongs to the ship's captain?"[87] "I think that's nonsense," said Martin, "just like all these other fabrications that people keep coming up with these days." "Well then, for what purpose was the world originally constructed?" asked Candide. "In order to frustrate us at every turn," replied Martin. "Aren't you absolutely astonished," Candide continued, "by the love those two girls from the country of the Oreillons felt for those two apes—you remember I've told you the story?" "Not at all," said Martin, "I don't see anything odd about their passion at all; I have seen so many extraordinary things that nothing seems extraordinary to me any more." "Do you believe," asked Candide, "that men have always massacred each other, as they do today? That they have always been liars, cheats, and robbers; unreliable, ungrateful, weak, fickle, lazy, envious, greedy, drunken, avaricious, ambitious, violent, debauched, fanatical, hypocritical, stupid, and with nothing good to say for each other?" "Do you think," asked Martin, "that hawks have always eaten pigeons when they've had the chance?" "Why yes of course," said Candide. "Well," said Martin, "if hawks have always had the same nature, why do you want to imagine that the nature of man has changed?" "Oh!" said Candide, "there's an essential difference, for free will . . ." While philosophizing like this they arrived in Bordeaux.

Chapter Twenty-Two: *What happened to Candide and Martin while they were in France*

Candide did not stay in Bordeaux any longer than was necessary to get hold of a good two-seater for his philosopher Martin and himself. He was

87. Probably not the Bible as is sometimes claimed (for the captain was presumably Catholic), but De Brosses, *Histoire des navigations aux terres australes* (1756), which Voltaire read in Sept. 1758.

very distressed to have to part from his sheep, which he donated to the Scientific Academy of Bordeaux. However all the travelers that Candide met in the inns along the road said to him, "We're going to Paris." This general eagerness finally gave him a desire to see the capital himself; it didn't involve much of a detour from the road to Venice.

He entered by the suburb of Saint Marceau, and for all he could tell he was in one of the most poverty-stricken villages in Westphalia. A moment later he passed near to a cemetery. There were cries and horrible howlings; one would have thought that all the dead had been revived to play a part in this dreadful Sabbat. He saw little girls, abbots, traveling salesmen, sacristans, old women who howled, who gnashed their teeth, who rolled on the ground, who leaped in the air, who sang psalms, who shook, and who drooled while crying out: "A miracle! A miracle!"[142]

"Ah! Good God!" said Candide to Martin, "is this what the capital of a great kingdom is like? What a difference there is between this sewer and the city of El Dorado."

They had not walked a hundred yards when they were obstructed by a crowd of people who were crying out even more loudly than the first mob, surrounding a dozen biers each covered with black cloth, and each with a stoup of holy water at the foot. Candide and Martin asked what was the cause of this tumult. A respectable chap from the neighborhood said to them, "Gentlemen, do you not know about the tax that has recently been imposed upon the dead?" Candide swore to him that he knew nothing about the affairs of either the dead or the living in this wretched city; that he was a foreigner; that he had just arrived; and that he planned to leave without delay.

"Alas, sir," said the good man, "for some months now they have been giving to the dying certificates that must be handed in to the gatekeeper at the next world. Every person at the point of death must sign, and if they do not sign they are not buried. Here are twelve who are being refused burial. The result is going to be that plague will spread through the city."

The postilion who was driving the two travelers had great difficulty in getting through the crowds. He had scarcely reached a crossroads nearby, which stank a thousand times worse than all the local dead, when a shouting crowd suddenly appeared. People were running up from every direction without knowing where they were going. They were crying, "Catch the killer." Everybody came out of the houses. People screamed. A thousand voices asked Candide and Martin, "Have you come from the court? Is he arrested? Has he revealed his accomplices?" Candide and

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142. The Jansenists claimed that miracles took place at the tomb of the archdeacon of Paris (d. 1727). In order to halt the "convulsions" of believers, access to the tomb was blocked after 1732, so at this point time appears to be telescoped.

Martin learned in the end, with much difficulty, that someone had just committed a shocking outrage, a crime unheard of in any one of twenty other countries, an assassination that made everyone shudder and weep.[143] A whole hour went by before they could reach a barely respectable hotel. There they were given dinner.

Seated with them was a little abbot from Périgord. He was one of those people who watch out for foreigners who are passing through, offer to show them around, and offer to run errands for them. This chap told them all the news. He advised them to stay in Paris for a long time; he told them about all the Parisian scandals, and finally he promised Candide he would get him the first actress who took his fancy.

Candide was appropriately grateful for these kind offers; but he confessed to him that he could not accept them because he had to go to Venice to meet Miss Cunégonde. The Périgordian was slippery and little by little persuaded him to tell the story of his adventures with this illustrious Westphalian. "I believe," said the abbot. . . .

Candide did not stay in Bordeaux any longer than was necessary to sell some pebbles from El Dorado and to get hold of a good two-seater, for he could no longer bear to be without his philosopher Martin. He was very distressed to have to part from his sheep, which he donated to the Scientific Academy of Bordeaux.[88] That year the question set in the Academy's annual essay competition was, "Why is the wool of this sheep red?"; the prize was awarded to a scholar from the North, who demonstrated by A

88. Voltaire was an associate member of the Academy.

143. I.e., Damiens' attempt on the life of Louis XV, 5 Jan. 1757.

plus B, minus C, divided by Z, that the sheep was red of necessity, and bound to die of sheep pox.

However, all the travelers that Candide met in the inns along the road said to him, "We're going to Paris." This general eagerness finally gave him a desire to see the capital himself; it didn't involve much of a detour off the road to Venice.

He entered by the suburb of Saint Marceau, and for all he could tell he was in one of the most poverty-stricken villages in Westphalia.

Candide had scarcely reached his hotel when he was attacked by a mild illness caused by his exertions. Since he had on his finger an enormous diamond, and an astonishingly heavy money box had been noticed in his baggage, he quickly had two doctors he hadn't sent for at his side, some intimate friends who stayed by his side night and day, and two pious women who heated soup for him. Martin said: "I remember that I too fell ill during my first trip to Paris; I was very poor; and so I had neither friends, nor pious women, nor doctors; and I got better."

However, as a result of laxatives and blood-lettings, Candide's illness became serious. A curate from the parish came to him to ask gently if he had a passport to show at the frontier of the next world.[89] Candide wanted to do nothing about it; the pious women explained to him that it was a new fashion. Candide replied that he wasn't a man of fashion. Martin wanted to throw the curate out of the window. The clergyman swore that Candide would be refused burial. Martin swore that he would bury the clergyman if he continued to harass them. The quarrel became heated; Martin grabbed the clergyman by his shoulders and pushed him roughly out of the room; this caused a great scandal and was reported to the authorities.

Candide got better. And during his convalescence he had very good company dining with him. They played cards for high stakes. Candide was simply astonished that there was never an ace to be found in his hand; Martin wasn't at all surprised.

Among those who welcomed Candide to the city there was a little abbot from Périgord. He was one of those people who are always eager, always paying attention, always ready to please, who are impudent, flattering, adaptable. They lie in wait for passing strangers, tell them of all the

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89. Jansenism (which denied freedom of the will and opposed frequent communion) had been condemned as a heresy by the pope in 1713. In order to receive extreme unction and to be buried in holy ground it was necessary to have a certificate of orthodoxy. This measure, which was primarily directed against Jansenism, was to oblige Voltaire (who was very concerned to have a decent burial) to go to considerable lengths to obtain a certificate when he was dying. See John McManners, *Reflections at the Death-Bed of Voltaire* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1975).

scandalous goings-on, and offer them a range of delights from the cheapest to the most expensive. This specimen of the type first took Candide and Martin to the theater. There a new tragedy was being performed. Candide found himself seated among some fashionable wits. That didn't prevent him from weeping at some scenes that were exquisitely performed. One of his sophisticated neighbors said to him during an intermission: "You're quite wrong to weep. This actress is dreadful. The actor who plays opposite her is even worse. The play is even worse than the performers. The author doesn't know a word of Arabic, yet his play is set in Arabia; moreover he's someone who doesn't believe in innate ideas.[90] Tomorrow I'll bring you twenty pamphlets written against him." "Sir, how many plays have been written in French?"[91] Candide asked the abbot, who replied, "Five or six thousand." "That's a lot," said Candide. "How many of them are any good?" "Fifteen or sixteen," was the reply. "That's a lot," said Martin.

Candide was rather taken with an actress who played Queen Elizabeth in a rather dull tragedy that is performed occasionally.[92] "This actress," he said to Martin, "pleases me a lot. There's something about her that reminds me of Miss Cunégonde; I would really very much like to meet her." The abbot from Périgord offered to take him to meet her. Candide, who had been brought up in Germany, asked how one was supposed to conduct oneself, and in particular how one should behave toward a Queen of England if one met her in France. "One must distinguish," said the abbot; "in the provinces one takes them to a bar; in Paris one treats them with respect while they are beautiful, and one throws them on the garbage dump when they are dead." "Queens thrown out with the garbage!" said Candide. "Yes, indeed," said Martin, "father abbot is right; I was in Paris when Miss Monime passed, as the saying is, from this world to the next; she was refused what those people call 'the honor of a Christian burial,' that's to say the chance to rot alongside all the beggars of the parish in a wretched cemetery. She was buried, alone rather than in the company of others of her own kind, at the corner of Burgundy Street.[93] This must have been dreadful for her, as she had a very high opinion of herself."

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90. In the manuscript it is explicit, here implicit, that this is a play by Voltaire.

91. Here begins a section added in 1761.

92. Corneille's *Le Comte d'Essex*.

93. Adrienne Lecouvreur became famous playing the role of Monime. She was denied Christian burial because all actresses were, according to Church Law, excommunicated. Voltaire published a poem in protest, *La Mort de Mlle Lecouvreur* (1730). In 1761 Huerne de la Mothe published a pamphlet attacking the abuse of excommunication (for which he was punished by being deprived of the right to practice as a lawyer), and Voltaire came to his support.

"That's not very friendly," said Candide. "What do you expect?" said Martin. "That's how these people are. Think of all the contradictions and inconsistencies that are theoretically possible; you will find them all in the government, in the courts, in the churches, in the theaters of this peculiar country." "Is it true that everyone in Paris is always laughing?" asked Candide. "Yes," said the abbot, "but they laugh as they lose their tempers; for here everyone complains about everything while laughing loudly, and people even do the most wicked things while they are laughing."

"Who was," asked Candide, "that fat pig who was so critical of that play where I cried so much, and of the actors who gave me so much pleasure?" "He's a ne'er-do-well," replied the abbot, "who makes his living by speaking ill of all plays and all books. He hates anyone who is successful, just as eunuchs hate lovers. He is a snake in the world of letters, who lives by eating mud and poison. He's a scribbler." "What do you mean by a 'scribbler'?" asked Candide. "Someone," said the abbot, "who is always writing, someone like Fréron."[94]

This is how Candide, Martin, and the abbot from Périgord were chatting on the stairs, watching the audience come out at the end of the play. "Although I'm eager to see Miss Cunégonde again," said Candide, "I would still rather like to go to dinner with Miss Clairon,[95] for I thought she was wonderful."

The abbot was not someone who could go and speak to Miss Clairon, for she moved only in the best society. "She is tied up this evening," he said. "But let me have the honor of taking you to meet a lady of distinction; at her house you will get to know Paris as well as if you had been here for four years."

Candide, who was naturally curious, allowed himself to be taken to the lady, who lived at the end of the district of Saint Honoré. There they were playing a game of cards called faro. A dozen unhappy punters sat, each holding a hand of cards that were dog-eared as they were being used to record their losses. The game was played in complete silence; the punters were pale-faced; the banker looked anxious; the lady of the house sat next to this merciless banker, watching with the eyes of a lynx all the bets being placed and indicated by the dog-earing by each player of their cards; she made them straighten the dog-ears by keeping a strict eye on them, while remaining friendly, and certainly without expressing irritation, as she had

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94. Fréron had written an amusing review of *Candide* in the *Année littéraire* (1759), claiming it could not possibly be by Voltaire because Voltaire was an optimist—a claim he convincingly supported by quotations from his previous works. He describes *Candide* as advocating *pessimism.*

95. A famous actress, who had starred in Voltaire's *Tancrède* (first performed 3 Sept. 1760).

no desire to lose her customers. This lady called herself the Marquise de Parolignac.[96] Her daughter, who was fifteen, was one of the punters, and alerted her mother with a movement of her eyebrow when one of her unlucky companions cheated in an attempt to win back something of what cruel chance had taken from them. The abbot from Périgord, Candide, and Martin entered. Nobody stood up; nobody greeted them; nobody looked at them. They all had their attention fixed on their cards. "Her Excellency the Baroness of Thunder-ten-tronckh was more polite," said Candide.

However, the abbot whispered into the ear of the marquise, who half stood up, directed a gracious smile toward Candide, and a haughty glance toward Martin. She gave instructions that a seat and a hand of cards should be given to Candide, who lost fifty thousand francs in the course of two games. After that they ate, and everyone was very cheerful. They were all surprised that Candide was not distressed by his losses; the servants said to each other, using the slang they use when talking to each other, "He must be some sort of English lord."

The dinner was like most dinners in Paris: first there was silence; then a babble of indistinguishable words; then some witticisms which were for the most part banal; then false reports about current events, bad arguments, a little politics, and lots of backbiting; there was even some discussion of recent books. "Have you seen," asked the abbot from Périgord, "the novel by father Gauchat, doctor of theology?"[97] "Yes," replied one of their companions, "but I couldn't finish it. We are swamped with worthless books; but if you added them all together they wouldn't be able to compete for worthlessness with the work of Gauchat, doctor of theology. I am so fed up with this endless flood of detestable books in which we are drowning that I have taken to gambling at faro." "And the *Essays* of Archdeacon T. . . . ,[98] what do you think of them?" asked the abbot. "Ah!" said Lady Parolignac, "what a boring man! What a fuss he makes of telling you things that everybody knows already! What heavy weather he makes of arguments so insignificant that they would not be worth mentioning in passing! How witless he is in repeating the witticisms of others! How he ruins what he steals! He disgusts me! But he won't disgust me in future; once you've read a few pages by the archdeacon there's no need to read more."

At the dinner table there was a learned man of good taste, and he agreed with what the marquise had said. Then they talked about tragedies. Her Ladyship wanted to know why there are some tragedies that are performed

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96. A *paroli* is a type of bet at faro.

97. Gauchat had attacked Helvétius and Voltaire.

98. Trublet, another enemy of Voltaire's.

every now and again, but which are unreadable. The man of taste explained very clearly how a play might be fairly interesting, and be almost entirely worthless. He proved in the space of a few words that it wasn't enough to set up one or two of the situations that are to be found in every novel. One needed to be new without being eccentric; to be frequently sublime but always natural; to know the human heart and to give it a voice; to be a great poet without any of the characters in one's play appearing to be a poet; to know one's language perfectly and to speak a purified version of it, with every phrase sounding harmonious, and without the use of rhyming couplets ever interfering with what one has to say. "Whoever," he added, "fails to observe all these rules may succeed in writing one or two tragedies that are applauded on the stage, but he will never be considered a fine writer. There are very few good tragedies. Some are mere romances, though with dialogues that are well written and well rhymed; others are political diatribes that send you to sleep or go on so long they would put anyone off; yet others are the concoctions of barroom brawlers, written in a barbaric style, with characters interrupting each other and lengthy monologues addressed to the gods—because the author can't write a convincing dialogue—which are designed to illustrate false views of how the world works or to provide puffed up illustrations of trite and conventional views."

Candide listened to this speech with great attention and formed a very favorable opinion of the speaker. Since the marquise had taken care to place him at her side, he leaned over and whispered in her ear, taking advantage of his privileged position to ask her to tell him about this man who spoke so well. "He's a scholar," said the marquise, "who does not play cards, and whom the abbot sometimes brings to my house to dine. He is a great expert on plays and on books. He once wrote a play that was booed, and a book, of which only one copy has ever been seen, aside from the copies in his publisher's window, and that was a copy he presented to me." "What a great man," said Candide. "He deserves to be compared to Pangloss."

So, turning toward him, he said, "Sir, you think, I feel sure, that everything is as good as could be in the world, both the physical world and the moral world, and that nothing could be other than it is?" "Me, sir?" replied the scholar. "I don't agree with any of that. In my experience everything goes wrong in the world we inhabit. Nobody knows what their status is, nobody knows what their responsibilities are, nobody knows how to do what they are trying to do, nor do they know what they ought to be doing, and—with the exception of this dinner party, where the company is rather entertaining and where there seems to be little conflict—people pass the whole of their time in pointless squabbling: Jansenists against

Molinists,[99] supporters of the Supreme Court[100] against supporters of the Church, authors against other authors, courtiers against other courtiers, financiers against the nation, wives against husbands, relatives against relatives. It's a war that goes on forever."

Candide replied to him, "I've seen worse. But a wise man, now deceased, for he had the ill fortune to be hanged, taught me that all that is just perfect. These are like shadows that form part of a beautiful painting." "This chap who was hanged was pulling everyone's leg," said Martin. "What you call shadows are horrible smudges and stains." "It is human beings who make these stains," said Candide, "and they can't live without making them." "In that case they aren't to be blamed for them," said Martin. Most of the card players had no interest in this sort of conversation, but were happily drinking, while Martin argued with the scholar, and Candide told stories about his adventures to his hostess.

After dinner the marquise took Candide into a private room and sat him down on a couch. "Well," she said to him, "are you still hopelessly in love with Miss Cunégonde of Thunder-ten-tronckh?" "Yes, ma'am," replied Candide. The marquise smiled tenderly at him as she said, "Your answer is what I would expect from a young man from Westphalia. A Frenchman would have said to me: 'It is true that I have been in love with Miss Cunégonde, but now I have seen you, ma'am, I fear I can love her no more.'" "Oh dear! Ma'am," replied Candide, "I will say whatever you think I should say." "Your passion for her," said the marquise, "was awakened when you picked up her handkerchief; I want you to pick up my garter." "I'd be delighted," said Candide, and he picked it up. "But I want you to slip it back on," said the lady, and Candide slipped it back on. "Look," said the lady, "you're a foreigner. Sometimes I make my Parisian lovers pine for two weeks, but I'm going to give myself to you on the first night, as it's only right to welcome a young man from Westphalia to France."[101] This beautiful woman, having noticed two enormous dia-

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99. Followers (including the Jesuits) of Luis Molina, who had defended the doctrine of the freedom of the will.

100. I have used this term to translate the French *parlement*. The *parlement* was a court, not a representative assembly. It was often in conflict with the Church, for it favored a weakening of the ties between French Catholicism and Rome, a view called "Gallicanism."

101. Candide had already been "welcomed" (the French phrase is *faire les honneurs*) by the Périgordian abbot. Daniel Gordon suggests we are supposed to understand he had a sexual relationship with both the abbot and the marquise (*Candide*, p. 32). This appears to be confirmed below, p. 59, when Candide refers to the marquise and the abbot as if they had both taken Cunégonde's place.

monds, one on this young foreigner's left hand, and one on his right, praised them so sincerely that they slipped from Candide's fingers to the fingers of the marquise.

Candide, on his way home in the company of the abbot from Périgord, felt some remorse for having been unfaithful to Miss Cunégonde; father abbot shared his distress, for he was getting only a small percentage of the fifty thousand francs that Candide had lost at cards, and of the value of the two diamonds that had been half given by Candide, half extorted from him. His plan was to make as much money as he could from the opportunities that his acquaintance with Candide might open up for him. He spoke at length to Candide about Cunégonde, and Candide told him that he would beg his beloved to pardon him for his infidelity when he saw her again in Venice.

The Périgordian became even more attentive and considerate, and showed a genuine interest in everything that Candide said, in everything he did, in everything he wanted to do.[102]

"So I gather, sir," he said to him, "that you have an arrangement to meet in Venice?" "Yes, sir," said Candide; "it's imperative that I go and meet Miss Cunégonde." So, caught up in the pleasure of talking about the person he loved, he told the story—as he now often did—of some of his adventures with this member of the Westphalian nobility.

"I imagine," said the abbot, "that Miss Cunégonde is very witty, and that she writes absolutely delightful letters." "I've never had a letter from her," said Candide; "for bear in mind that I was driven out of the castle because I loved her, and so I couldn't write to her; that soon afterward I learned that she was dead; that next I found her again and lost her again; and that I sent a messenger to her when I was seven thousand five hundred miles from here, and that I'm waiting for her reply."

The abbot listened carefully and seemed lost in thought. He soon took leave of the two foreigners, first hugging them warmly. The next day when he woke up Candide found waiting for him a letter written as follows:

> Sir,
> My dearest lover, I have been sick in bed here in Paris for eight days; now I learn that you are here too. I would run to your arms if I could move at all. I knew you had sailed to Bordeaux. I have left the faithful Cacambo and the old woman there; they should soon come to join me. The Governor of Buenos Aires took everything, but your heart is still mine. Come. Having you with me will bring me back to life, or else I will die of delight.

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102. Here ends the section added in 1761.

This charming letter, this unhoped for letter filled Candide with an inexpressible joy; and at the same time the illness of his dearest Cunégonde overwhelmed him with pain. Torn between these two emotions, he took hold of his gold and his diamonds, and had himself and Martin driven to the house where Miss Cunégonde was staying. He entered, trembling with emotion. His heart was throbbing violently. He sobbed. He wanted to draw back the hangings surrounding the bed. He wanted lamps brought in. "You mustn't do that," said the maid, "light is dreadfully painful for her," and she quickly drew the hangings together. "My darling Cunégonde," said Candide weeping, "how is your health? If you can't see me, at least speak to me." "She can't speak," said the maid. The invalid then held out a plump hand, over which Candide wept tears for a long time. Then he filled the hand with diamonds, and left a bag full of gold on the armchair.

In the middle of his emotional turmoil a senior police officer arrived, followed by the abbot from Périgord and a squad of constables. "Are these they?" he asked. "Are these the two foreigners who are under suspicion?" He had them arrested at once, and ordered his underlings to drag them off to prison. "This isn't how they treat foreigners in El Dorado," said Candide. "I am more convinced than ever that the Manicheans are right," said Martin. "But, officer, where are you taking us?" asked Candide. "To a dungeon," said the officer.

Martin, having recovered his wits, concluded that the woman who was claiming to be Cunégonde was a cheat; that father abbot was a cheat who had seized the earliest opportunity to take advantage of Candide's unsuspecting nature; and that the police officer was another cheat of whom they could easily rid themselves.

Rather than face the criminal justice system, Candide, who had the benefit of Martin's advice, and who was still in a hurry to meet up with the real Cunégonde, offered the police officer three little diamonds worth three thousand pistoles each. "Ah, sir!," said this senior official to Candide, "even if you had committed every imaginable crime, you would be the most honest man in the world. Three diamonds! Each worth three thousand pistoles! Sir, far from throwing you in a dungeon, I would give my life for you. All foreigners are being rounded up, but I'll sort things out. I have a brother in Dieppe, in Normandy. I'll take you there. And if you have a diamond or two to give him he'll take every bit as good care of you as I would."

"And why are you arresting all foreigners?" asked Candide. The abbot from Périgord then spoke up and said: "It's because some wretch from the region of Arras overheard some people talking rubbish; that was enough to make him set out to kill a father figure. It wasn't like what happened in 1610, in the month of May, but like what happened in 1594, in the month

of December; and like several other events that occurred in other years, and in different months, that were also carried out by other wretches who had overheard nonsense."[103]

The official then explained what had happened. "Oh! What monsters!" Candide exclaimed. "What! For such dreadful things to happen in a country where people dance and sing! I hope I can get out as quickly as possible from this country where monkeys provoke tigers. I saw bears in my own country; the only place I've seen human beings was in El Dorado. I beg you, good sir, take me to Venice where I am supposed to wait for Miss Cunégonde." "I can only take you to Lower Normandy," said the chief of police. Straightaway he had the handcuffs taken off him, told his subordinates that he had made a mistake, sent them away, took Candide and Martin to Dieppe, and left them with his brother. There was a little Dutch ship in the harbor. The Norman, encouraged by three more diamonds to become the most cooperative man in the world, had Candide and his people put on a ship that was going to sail to Portsmouth in England. This wasn't on the route to Venice, but Candide was happy to take any road that would enable him to escape from this country that seemed as dreadful as hell itself, and he intended to take the first opportunity to get back on the road to Venice.

Chapter Twenty-Three: *Candide and Martin reach the coast of England; and what they see there*

"Oh! Pangloss! Pangloss! Oh! Martin! Martin! Oh, my dear Cunégonde! What sort of world is this?" said Candide, on board the Dutch ship. "A quite mad world, and a quite dreadful one," replied Martin. "You know England; are they as mad there as in France?" "It's a different type of madness," said Martin. "You know that these two nations are at war over some acres of snow on the Canadian border; and that they are spending much more than the whole of Canada is worth on this fine war. To tell you precisely if there are more people who ought to be locked up in one country or in the other, that's something of which my limited intellect isn't capable. All I know is that the people we are going to see are very splenetic."

While talking like this they made landfall at Plymouth. A vast crowd covered the shore. All their eyes were fixed on a fairly fat man who was kneeling down, his eyes blindfolded, on the deck of one of the ships in the

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103. Damiens, born near Arras, had tried to assassinate Louis XV on 5 Jan. 1757. May 1610: assassination of Henri IV, king of France. Dec. 1594: attempted assassination of Henri IV. All three (would-be) assassins had been influenced by the Jesuits.

fleet. Four soldiers, placed opposite this man, each fired three bullets into his skull as calmly as could be, and all those watching went home very well pleased. "What was happening there?" asked Candide, "and which devil is it who is the master of this whole world?" He asked who the fat man was who had just been killed so ceremoniously. "He was an admiral," they told him. "And why kill this admiral?" "It is," they said, "because he didn't have enough people killed; he began a battle with a French admiral, and it has been decided that he wasn't close enough to him." "But," said Candide, "the French admiral was as far from the English admiral as vice versa!" "There's no doubt about that," they replied, "but in this country it is thought a good idea to kill an admiral from time to time in order to encourage the others."[104]

Candide was so stunned and so shocked by what he had seen, and by what he had been told, that he didn't want to so much as put a foot on English soil, and so he made a deal with the Dutch ship owner (at the risk that he might rob him as his compatriot had done in Surinam) for him to take him straight to Venice.

The ship owner was ready to leave after two days. They followed the coast of France; they passed within sight of Lisbon, and Candide shuddered. They passed through the straits and into the Mediterranean; finally they reached Venice. "God be praised," said Candide, hugging Martin, "this is where I will see the beautiful Cunégonde again. I trust Cacambo as I would trust myself. All is well, all goes well, all goes as well as it possibly could."

Chapter Twenty-Four: *About Paquette and brother Giroflée*

As soon as he arrived in Venice he began to search for Cacambo in all the bars, in all the cafés, in all the brothels; but he could not find him. He sent every day to inquire what ships and small boats had arrived in the harbor; he could obtain no news of Cacambo. "What!" he said to Martin, "I have had the time to sail from Surinam to Bordeaux, to travel from Bordeaux to Paris, from Paris to Dieppe, from Dieppe to Portsmouth, to sail along the coast of Portugal and Spain, to journey the length of the Mediterranean, to spend some months in Venice, and still the beautiful Cunégonde hasn't arrived! Instead of her the only people I have met up with have been a trollop and an abbot from Périgord! Doubtless Cunégonde is dead, and all that is left for me to do is die. Oh! It would have been better if I had stayed in the paradise of El Dorado rather than returning to this cursed conti-

104. Admiral Byng was executed on 14 March 1757. Voltaire had sought to organize a petition for clemency.

nent. How right you are, my dear Martin. There is nothing to life except illusion and calamity."

He fell into a black despair and did not go to the latest opera, nor to any of the other entertainments of the Carnival. Not a single woman tempted him in the slightest. Martin said to him, "You're really very naive, if truth be told, to imagine that a half-caste valet, who has five or six million in his pockets, is going to go to the end of the earth to look for your mistress and will then bring her to you in Venice. He'll take her for himself if he finds her. If he doesn't find her, he will replace her with someone else. I advise you to forget your valet Cacambo and your mistress Cunégonde." Martin's remarks were hardly cheering. Candide's despair deepened, and Martin kept on proving to him that there was very little virtue and very little happiness to be found on this earth, except perhaps in El Dorado, and nobody could go there.

While arguing about this important question, and waiting for Cunégonde, Candide noticed a young Theatine[105] in St. Mark's Square who had his arm around a girl. The Theatine looked fresh, chubby, vigorous; his eyes sparkled, his manner was proud, his expression superior, his stride confident. The girl was very pretty and was singing. She looked lovingly at her Theatine, and from time to time she pinched his fat cheeks. "At least you must acknowledge," said Candide to Martin, "that those people over there are happy. Wherever I have gone throughout the inhabited world—with the exception of El Dorado—I have so far found only the victims of ill fortune, but I'm prepared to wager that girl and that Theatine are both very happy." "And I'll bet they aren't," said Martin. "Well, we only have to invite them to have lunch with us," said Candide, "and you'll see if I'm mistaken."

They went up to them at once; Candide introduced himself, and invited them to come and eat some pasta, some Lombardy partridges, some caviar, and to drink some wine from Montepulciano, some from Vesuvius, some from Cyprus, and some from Samos. The young lady blushed; the Theatine accepted their invitation; and the girl followed him while looking at Candide with an expression of surprise and confusion, as tears began to fill her eyes. She had scarcely gone into Candide's hotel room when she said, "So! Mr. Candide doesn't recognize Paquette!" On hearing these words, Candide, who had not looked at her closely until then, for all his thoughts were of Cunégonde, said to her, "Alas! my poor child, so it was you who reduced Dr. Pangloss to the wretched state in which I saw him?" "Alas, sir, it was I," said Paquette; "I see you know all there is to know. I know about the dreadful sufferings undergone by the whole household of her ladyship and the beautiful Cunégonde. I promise you my own fate was scarcely less

105. A Catholic religious order founded in 1524.

awful. I was very innocent when you last saw me. A Franciscan who was my confessor seduced me without difficulty. The consequences were dire: I was forced to leave the castle some time after his lordship the baron sent you on your way with hefty kicks on your backside. If a distinguished doctor had not taken pity on me I would have died. For a while I expressed my gratitude to this doctor by being his mistress. His wife, who was mad with jealousy, beat me every day without mercy—she was a harpy. This doctor was the ugliest man alive, and I was the most miserable of creatures, being beaten all the time for sleeping with a man I did not love. You must know, sir, how dangerous it is for a cantankerous woman to be married to a doctor. This doctor, fed up with his wife's behavior, one day gave her, in order to cure her of a slight cold, a medicine so effective that she died two hours later while writhing in agony. Her relatives had him taken to court; he ran away, and I was thrown into prison. The fact that I was innocent would not have saved me, had I not also been good-looking. The judge released me on condition that he took over from the doctor. I was soon supplanted by a rival, driven out without any payment, and forced to continue this horrible profession, which you men think is good for a laugh, and which for us women is an ocean of misery. I went to Venice to practice my trade. Oh! Sir, if you could imagine what it is like to have to make love with the same enthusiasm to an elderly businessman, a lawyer, a monk, a gondolier, an abbot; to be the butt of every sort of insult and every sort of snub; to be reduced over and over again to borrowing a skirt so that one can go and have it lifted by some disgusting man; to have one man steal what you have earned from another man; to be blackmailed by the police; and to have no prospect but a horrific old age, a workhouse followed by a garbage dump.[106] If you could imagine all this you would conclude I am one of the unhappiest creatures in the whole world."

Thus Paquette opened her heart to honest Candide, in a private room, in the presence of Martin, who said to Candide, "You see that I have already won half the bet."

Brother Giroflée had stayed in the dining room and was having a drink while waiting for lunch. "But," said Candide to Paquette, "you looked so happy, so content, when I met you; you were singing; you fondled the Theatine with an affection that seemed entirely genuine; you seemed to me every bit as happy as you now claim to be miserable." "Ah sir!" replied Paquette, "that's another one of the miseries of my line of work. Yesterday I was robbed and beaten by a policeman, and today I have to seem cheerful in order to give pleasure to a monk."

Candide did not want to hear any more; he admitted that Martin was right. They sat down to eat with Paquette and the monk; they enjoyed

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106. Prostitutes were, like actresses, denied Christian burial.

themselves during the meal; and as it was drawing to a close they were talking quite frankly to each other. "Father," said Candide to the monk, "it seems to me that your life is one that everybody else should envy. You're obviously in the peak of good health. It is clear from the expression on your face that you're happy; you have a very pretty girl to entertain you; and you seem very content with your life as a monk."

"Goodness, sir," said brother Giroflée, "I'd like to see every last Theatine drowned. On a hundred occasions I've been tempted to set fire to the monastery and to run off and convert to Islam. My parents forced me when I was fifteen to put on this hateful cassock, so that they would have more money to leave to my wretched elder brother, God damn him! Jealousy, conflict, and anger are at home in a monastery. It's true that I've preached some lousy sermons that have earned me a bit of money, though the prior has stolen half of that from me. What's left enables me to pay for female company; but, in the evening, when I go back to the monastery, I feel like banging my head against the walls of the dormitory; and all my fellow friars are in the same state."

Martin turned to Candide with his normal calm expression: "Well," he said to him, "don't you agree that I've won the whole bet?" Candide gave two thousand dollars to Paquette and a thousand dollars to brother Giroflée. "My reply is," he said, "that that will be enough to make them happy." "I don't believe it for a moment," said Martin; "it's quite possible that this money you've given them will make them even more miserable." "Well, what will happen will happen," said Candide; "but one thing consoles me; I've learned that one often meets up with people whom one never expected to see again; it could easily happen that, having met up with my red sheep and Paquette, I will also meet up with Cunégonde." "I hope," said Martin, "that one day she will make you happy; but I don't for a moment believe it will happen." "You've got a hard heart," said Candide. "That's because I've some experience of life," said Martin.

"But look at those gondoliers," said Candide, "don't they sing all the time?" "You don't see them at home, with their wives and their brats," replied Martin. "The doge[107] is familiar with sorrow and disappointment; and so are these gondoliers. It is true that, all in all, the life of a gondolier is preferable to that of a doge; but I believe the difference is so slight that it isn't worth the trouble of analyzing it."

"People talk," said Candide, "about a senator called Pococurante who lives in that beautiful palace on the river Brenta, and who is rather welcoming to foreigners. They claim he is someone who has never experienced sorrow or disappointment."[108] "I'd certainly like to examine such a

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107. The constitutional head of the Venetian state.

108. The name means "few worries."

rare specimen," said Martin. At once Candide sent a messenger to His Lordship Pococurante asking if they might come and visit him tomorrow.

Chapter Twenty-Five: *A visit to the home of His Lordship Pococurante, a Venetian nobleman*

Candide and Martin set out by gondola along the Brenta and came to the palace of Pococurante, a Venetian nobleman. The gardens were well laid out and ornamented with beautiful marble statues; the palace was beautifully designed. The master of the house, a man of about sixty and immensely wealthy, received our inquisitive duo very politely but with very little enthusiasm. Candide found this disconcerting, while Martin approved of it.

First two pretty girls, smartly dressed, served hot chocolate, which they had frothed to perfection. Candide could not prevent himself from praising them for their beauty, their charm, and their technique. "They are rather nice young women," said the senator; "I sometimes have them sleep with me, as I've had enough of the noblewomen of the town: enough of their flirtations, their jealousies, their quarrels, their moods, their self-obsession, their pride, their stupidity, and of the sonnets that one has to write—or have someone else write—in praise of them. But still, these two young women are really beginning to bore me."

Candide, after lunch, took a turn in a long gallery, and was astonished by the fine paintings. He asked which of the old masters had painted the first two. "They are by Raphael," said the senator; "I paid a lot for them a few years ago because I wanted to show off. People say they are the most beautiful paintings in Italy, but I don't like them at all. Their color has faded. The bodies seem flat and aren't three-dimensional. The fabrics don't seem real. In a word, no matter what people say, I don't think they are a successful imitation of nature herself. I will only love a painting when I find one that makes me think I am looking at real life; there are none that give this illusion. I have lots of paintings, but I no longer look at them."[109]

Pococurante, while waiting for dinner, had his orchestra perform a concerto. Candide found the music delightful. "This noise," said Pococurante, "can amuse one for half an hour; but if it lasts any longer than that it tires anybody listening to it, though nobody dares admit it.

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109. Voltaire said he resembled Pococurante in a letter of 10 March 1759 (D8168), and Pococurante's views on Raphael (the great Renaissance painter), Homer and Virgil (the great epic poets of ancient Greece and Rome), and Milton (the great epic poet of seventeenth-century England) largely coincide with those expressed by Voltaire in the article "Goût" of *Questions de l'Encyclopédie* (1770–72) and in the *Essai sur la poésie épique* (1728). On the other hand Voltaire admired Cicero's skepticism (D9126, 9 Aug. 1760).

Music today is nothing but the technical skill of performing scores that are hard to play, and music whose only claim is that it is difficult to play cannot please its listeners for long.

"It's possible that I would prefer opera, if the secret had not been discovered of how to turn it into something monstrous that revolts me. Let anyone who wants to go to see dreadful tragedies set to music, where the story line has no purpose but to provide a poor excuse for two or three ridiculous songs, which serve to show off an actress's throat to good advantage. Let people swoon with pleasure if they want to, or if they can, while watching a castrato hum the role of Caesar or of Cato, and march up and down in a clumsy fashion upon the stage. As for me, I long ago gave up these miserable performances, in which Italy nowadays takes such pride, and which princes pay so dearly to see." Candide argued a bit, but cautiously. Martin agreed wholeheartedly with the senator.

They sat down to eat, and after an excellent dinner they went to the library. Candide, seeing a magnificently bound copy of Homer, praised the illustrious nobleman on his good taste. "That," he said, "is a book that used to delight that great man Pangloss, the finest philosopher in all Germany." "It doesn't delight me," said Pococurante. "It used to be possible to persuade me that I enjoyed reading it, but the continual repetition of battles, each indistinguishable from the others; the gods, who are constantly meddling but never do anything decisive; Helen, over whom the Greeks are fighting, but who scarcely appears in the story; Troy, which is under siege but does not fall; all that used to make me die of boredom. On several occasions I asked various scholars if they found reading Homer as boring as I did; all the honest ones admitted to me that they nodded off every time they tried to read him, but they said one must always have a copy in one's library, as a monument to a past age, just like those rusted old coins one collects but cannot use as money."

"Your Excellency wouldn't speak like this about Virgil?" asked Candide. "I admit," said Pococurante, "that the second, the fourth, and the sixth books of the *Aeneid* are excellent; but as for his description of pious Aeneas, and strong Cloanthes, and Aeneas' friend Achates, and little Ascanius, and the stupid king Latinus, and the respectable Amata, and the tedious Lavinia: I can't believe that anything more flat and disagreeable has ever been written. I prefer Tasso, and Ariosto's fantastical stories."[110]

"Might I be so bold as to ask you, sir," said Candide, "if you don't find reading Horace a true delight?"[111] "There are some maxims in Horace," said Pococurante, "that have something to teach a man of the world. And, since they are succinctly expressed in energetic verses, it is all the easier to

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110. Tasso and Ariosto wrote romantic epics in sixteenth-century Italy.

111. A Roman poet of the first century C.E.

engrave them in one's memory. But I really don't care for his voyage to Brindisi, nor for his description of a bad dinner, nor for the quarrel between two porters, one called Pupilus, I think, whose words, he tells us, were 'full of pus,' and another whose words 'were like vinegar.' I felt absolute disgust while I was reading those coarse verses against old women and witches; and I can't see what makes it admirable for him to say to his friend Maecenas that if he includes him among the great lyric poets, then he will bump into the stars with his sublime forehead. Idiots admire everything written by a famous author. I only read to please myself, and I only like books I want to read." Candide, who had been brought up never to judge anything for himself, was very astonished by what he heard; and Martin found Pococurante's way of approaching these questions rather sensible.

"Ah! Here is a copy of Cicero," said Candide. "I take it you don't get bored reading such a great author as Cicero?" "I never read him," replied the Venetian. "What does it matter to me whether he represented Rabirius or Cluentius? I listen to enough speeches by lawyers in the trials where I serve as judge. I would have got on rather better with his philosophical works; but when I realized that he doubted everything and believed nothing, I concluded that I knew as much about these things as he did, and that I didn't need his help or anyone else's to be a know-nothing."

"Ah! Here are twenty-four volumes of papers published by one of the scientific institutions," cried Martin. "I imagine there's some good things in them." "There would be," said Pococurante, "if a single one of the authors of this pile of rubbish had invented something as useful as the technique for making pins; but in all these volumes there isn't a single useful thing, only pointless theories."

"What plays I see over there!" said Candide. "In Italian, in Spanish, in French." "Yes," said the senator, "there are three thousand of them, and not three dozen good ones. As for these collections of sermons, all of which together aren't worth a single page of Seneca,[112] and these fat volumes of theology, you can be sure that I never look inside them, not me, nor anybody else."

Martin saw that there were shelves of English books. "I imagine," he said, "that a republican must enjoy the majority of these works, which have been written without fear of censorship."[113] "Yes," replied Pococurante, "it's a fine thing to write what one thinks;[114] it's a privilege that every human being should have. No matter where you go in my Italy,

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112. A Roman stoic philosopher of the first century B.C.E.

113. Venice was a republic, but it had (unlike England) an effective system of censorship.

114. This echoes a famous remark by the Roman historian Tacitus.

people only write what they don't think. The people who live in the land of the Caesars and the Antonines don't dare have an idea that hasn't been approved by a Dominican.[115] I would be delighted by the liberty that inspires the brilliant writers of England, if partisan politics and doctrinaire thinking did not corrupt everything that this precious liberty produces which would otherwise be worth admiring."[116]

Candide, seeing a volume of Milton, asked him if he did not think that Milton was a great man. "Who?" said Pococurante. "That barbarian who wrote a long commentary on the first chapter of Genesis in ten books of jangling verses?[117] That crude imitator of the Greeks, who misrepresents the creation? Where Moses describes the eternal Being as producing the world with his speech, Milton portrays the Messiah as taking a gigantic compass out of a cupboard in heaven in order to measure out his project. Do you imagine that I could admire the person who ruined the hell and the devil described by Tasso; who turns Lucifer sometimes into a monster, sometimes into a dwarf; who makes him deliver the same speeches a hundred times; who has him enter into debates about theology, who, imitating Ariosto's comic account of the invention of gunpowder, has cannon being shot off in heaven by the devils, and expects us to take it seriously? Neither I nor any other Italian could enjoy all these wretched excesses. The marriage of sin and death, and the snakes to which sin gives birth, are enough to make any man who has any delicacy of taste throw up, and his long description of a hospital would only interest a gravedigger. This poem, which is difficult to follow, bizarre, and disgusting, was thought awful when it was first published; my attitude to it now is the same as the attitude English contemporaries had to it when it first appeared. In any case, I say what I think, and I really don't care if other people agree with me." Candide was distressed by this speech. He had a high opinion of Homer; he liked Milton, even if he didn't love him. "Alas!" he whispered to Martin, "I'm rather afraid this fellow will have a lofty contempt for our German poets." "That wouldn't be such a serious mistake," said Martin. "Oh what a high opinion he has of himself!" Candide went on muttering to himself. "What a great genius this Pococurante is! Nothing can please him."

Thus, having looked through all the books in his library, they went down into the garden. Candide praised all its beauties. "I know nothing that better illustrates bad taste," said its owner. "This is all just rubbish;

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115. The Dominicans ran the Inquisition.

116. The notion that there was something inherently corrupt about partisan politics was a commonplace. Few (apart from Machiavelli) were prepared to praise political conflict.

117. I.e., *Paradise Lost*, which has twelve books.

but tomorrow I'm going to have another one constructed, following a much finer design."

When our two inquisitive travelers had said good-bye to His Excellency, Candide turned to Martin: "You'll have to admit that we've just seen the happiest man alive, for he is superior to everything he owns." "Don't you think," said Martin, "that he is disgusted by everything he owns? Plato said, long ago, that the best stomachs are not the ones that can't digest food of any sort." "But," said Candide, "isn't there a pleasure to be had in criticizing everything, in perceiving defects where everyone else believes they see beautiful works of art?" "You're saying," replied Martin, "that there's pleasure to be had out of not having pleasure?" "OK," said Candide, "in that case I'm the only happy person in the world, or will be when I meet up with Miss Cunégonde again." "It's always a good idea to keep hoping," said Martin.

However the days, the weeks, slipped away. Cacambo did not arrive, and Candide was so broken-down by his distress that he didn't even notice that Paquette and brother Giroflée had not taken the trouble to come and thank him.

Chapter Twenty-Six: *On a dinner that Candide and Martin ate with six strangers, and who they were*

One evening when Candide, followed by Martin, was going to sit down to dine with the other foreigners who were staying in the same hotel, a man with a face the color of soot came up to him from behind and, taking him by the arm, said to him: "Be ready to leave with us; don't be late." He turned around, and it was Cacambo. There was nothing, except for seeing Cunégonde, that could have astonished him more or given him more pleasure. He was on the point of going mad with happiness. He hugged his dear friend. "Cunégonde is here, I'm sure. Where is she? Take me to her so that I can die of joy in her arms." "Cunégonde isn't here," said Cacambo, "she's in Constantinople." "Oh Lord! In Constantinople! But even if she were in China, I'd run to her; let's go." "We'll go after we've had dinner," replied Cacambo; "I can't say any more. I am a slave; my master is waiting for me; I must go and wait on him at dinner; don't say a word; eat your dinner and be ready for the moment."

Candide was torn between joy and pain; delighted to have met up with his faithful servant; astonished to discover he was a slave; full of thoughts of rediscovering his mistress. With his heart agitated, his wits shaken, he sat down to eat with Martin, who watched all these remarkable events without losing his composure, and with six foreigners who had come to Venice to enjoy the Carnival.

Cacambo, who poured the drinks for one of these foreigners, lowered his head toward his master's ear as the dinner was ending, and said to him: "Sire, Your Majesty may leave when he wishes; the ship is ready." Having said these words he went out. The others around the table, astonished, looked at each other without saying a single word. Then another servant went up to his master and said, "Sire, Your Majesty's sedan chair is at Padua, and the boat is ready." His master gave a nod, and the servant left. All the fellow diners continued to look at each other, and their shared surprise was now twice as great. A third valet, coming up to a third foreigner, said, "Sire, believe me, Your Majesty should not stay here any longer; I will go and get everything ready." And at once he disappeared.

By this point Candide and Martin were sure that this was a performance put on for Carnival. A fourth servant said to the fourth master, "Your Majesty may leave when he wishes," and went out after the others. The fifth valet said the same to the fifth master. But the sixth valet spoke differently to the sixth master, who was sitting next to Candide. He said to him: "Believe me, Sire, no one's prepared any longer to accept your assurance of future payment, nor mine either; you and I could both end up in prison before the night is over; I'm going to look after myself; farewell."

All the servants had now disappeared, and the six foreigners, plus Candide and Martin, sat in a deep silence. Finally Candide broke it: "Gentlemen," he said, "this is a very strange joke. Why are you all pretending to be kings? For my part, I confess that neither I nor Martin are monarchs."

Cacambo's master then began to speak in solemn tones, saying, in Italian, "I am not joking. My name is Achmet III.[118] I was the grand sultan for several years; I overthrew my brother; and my nephew overthrew me. My viziers had their throats cut. I live out my life in the old seraglio. My nephew, the Grand Sultan Mahmoud, sometimes lets me travel for the sake of my health, and I have come to Venice to enjoy the Carnival."

A young man who was sitting next to Achmet spoke next, and said, "I am called Ivan;[119] I was emperor of all the Russias; I was overthrown while I was still an infant. My father and mother were locked up, and I was brought up in prison. Every now and again I am given permission to travel, accompanied by my guards, and I have come to Venice to enjoy the Carnival."

The third man said, "I am Charles Edward, king of England.[120] My father transferred to me his right to the throne. I have fought to uphold it.

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118. 1673–1736; reigned 1703–1730.

119. Ivan VI, 1740–1764; reigned 1740–1756.

120. The Young Pretender, 1720–1788, grandson of the deposed James II.

Eight hundred of my supporters have had their hearts torn out, and their cheeks have been beaten with them.[121] I have been imprisoned. I am going to Rome to visit the king my father, who was denied his throne, as I have been, and as my grandfather was, and I have come to Venice to enjoy the Carnival."

The fourth spoke, "I am the king of the Poles; the fortunes of war have deprived me of my hereditary states; my father experienced the same fate.[122] I entrust myself to Providence, like the Sultan Achmet, Emperor Ivan, King Charles Edward, to whom God grant a long life. And I have come to Venice to enjoy the Carnival."

The fifth said, "I am also king of the Poles;[123] I have lost my kingdom twice, but Providence has given me another state, in which I have done more good than all the kings of Poland put together have been able to do on the banks of the Vistula. I too entrust myself to Providence, and I have come to Venice to enjoy the Carnival."

Only the sixth king had yet to speak. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not so great a ruler as each of you; but in the end I too was as much a king as anyone else. My name is Theodore; I was elected king of Corsica;[124] people said, 'Your Majesty' to me, and nowadays people barely say 'sir' to me. I minted money, and now I've not even got change. I had two secretaries of state, and now I've scarcely got a valet. I have sat on a throne, and for a long time I was in prison in London, sleeping on straw. I am very much afraid I'll end up the same way here, although I came, like Your Majesties, to Venice to enjoy the Carnival."

The five other kings listened to this speech with regal compassion. Each of them gave twenty gold coins to King Theodore so that he could buy some suits and shirts. Candide gave him a present of a diamond and two hundred gold coins. "Who," said the five kings, "is this private person who is in a position to give a hundred times as much as each of us, and who gives indeed?"[125]

Just as they were getting up from the table, there arrived at their hotel four serene highnesses, who had likewise lost their states through the

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121. Voltaire is accurately describing part of the process known as "hanging, drawing, and quartering."

122. Augustus III, 1696–1763, elector of Saxony; king of Poland, 1733–1763; expelled from Saxony in 1756.

123. Stanislas Leszczynski, 1677–1766; king of Poland, 1704–1709, and (disputing the claim of Augustus III) 1733–1736.

124. Theodore von Neuhof, 1690–1756; king of Corsica for eight months in 1736; he spent seven years in a London debtor's prison.

125. In 1758 Voltaire was lending money to the Duke of Wurtemburg, the Elector Palatine, and the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, each one virtually a king.

fortunes of war, and who had come to Venice to enjoy what remained of the Carnival. But Candide was not even aware of these new arrivals. He was entirely preoccupied with going to Constantinople to find his beloved Cunégonde.

Chapter Twenty-Seven: *Candide's voyage to Constantinople*[126]

The faithful Cacambo had already obtained the agreement of the Turkish ship owner who was going to carry Sultan Achmet back to Constantinople that Candide and Martin could travel with him. Both set out for the ship after they had prostrated themselves before His miserable Highness. On the way Candide said to Martin: "There you have six kings who have been overthrown. We've had supper with them, and I've even given charity to one of these six monarchs. Perhaps there are many other rulers who are more unfortunate. As for me, I have only lost a hundred sheep, and I'm rushing toward the arms of Cunégonde. My dear Martin, once more I see that Pangloss was right, all is well." "I hope you are right," said Martin. "But," said Candide, "this adventure that we've had in Venice scarcely seems credible. No one had ever seen, or heard talk of six overthrown kings eating together at a hotel." "That's no more extraordinary," said Martin, "than the majority of the things that have happened to us. It's perfectly commonplace for kings to be dethroned;[127] and as for the honor we have experienced of dining with them, it's so insignificant that we should pay no attention to it."

Candide had scarcely boarded the boat when he grabbed hold of his former servant, his friend Cacambo. "Well," he said to him, "what's Cunégonde doing? Is she still prodigiously beautiful? Does she still love me? Is she in good health? I presume you've bought a palace for her in Constantinople?"

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126. Why does Candide end in Constantinople? Voltaire loved to imagine (e.g., D7213) that the views of Lake Geneva from his home were similar to views of the Bosphorus from Constantinople (which he had never visited). His identification with the explorer Tavernier, who had traveled to Constantinople and died in Lausanne (D7215) is also significant. See Murray, *Voltaire's "Candide,"* ch. 6. Voltaire was perhaps struck by a comment in the *Correspondance littéraire* for 1 Jan. 1754, when he was effectively a refugee, expelled from Prussia and denied entry to France: "Those with an unpleasant sense of humor say that this author will go and have himself circumcised in Constantinople, *et que ce sera la fin de son roman* [and that will be the end of his story]."

127. The precarious position of contemporary rulers was a recurring subject in Voltaire's correspondence at this time, particularly as a result of the attempt to assassinate the king of Portugal (3 Sept. 1758): e.g., de Brosses' letter to Voltaire, c. 25 Oct. 1758 (D7918): "the job [of king] is no longer worth having."

"My dear Master," replied Cacambo, "Cunégonde washes dishes on the shores of the Sea of Marmara. She is a slave in the household of a prince who has very few dishes, a deposed ruler named Ragotski,[128] to whom the grand sultan pays a pension of three crowns a day while he is in exile. But what is much sadder is that she has lost her beauty, and she has become horribly ugly." "Ah! Beautiful or ugly," said Candide, "I am an honorable man, and my duty is to love her always. But how can she be reduced to so abject a condition when she has the five or six million that you took to her?" "Well," said Cacambo, "you must realize I had to pay two million to His Excellency Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza, governor of Buenos Aires, to obtain his permission for Miss Cunégonde to leave with me. And then you must realize that a bold pirate took all the rest away from us. This pirate, what did he do but take us to Cape Matapan, to Melos, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmara, to Scutari? Cunégonde and the old woman labor in the household of this prince I've told you about, and as for me, I'm the slave of the former sultan, now overthrown." "What dreadful calamities, each one the cause of the next!" said Candide. "But let's not forget, I've still got some diamonds; I'll easily obtain the release of Cunégonde. It's really a shame that she's become so ugly."

Then he turned to Martin: "What do you think?" he asked. "Who is most deserving of our pity—Emperor Achmet, Emperor Ivan, His Highness Charles Edward, or me?" "I haven't a clue," said Martin; "I'd have to be able to look into your hearts to know the answer." "Ah!" said Candide, "if Pangloss were here, he would know the answer, and he would teach it to us." "I don't know," said Martin, "what scales your Pangloss would have used to weigh the misfortunes of men, and to measure their sufferings. The only thing I presume to know is that there are millions of people on the earth who are a hundred times more deserving of our pity than His Highness Charles Edward, Emperor Ivan, and Sultan Achmet." "You may be right," said Candide.

In a few days they reached the channel that leads into the Black Sea. Candide began by paying a very high price for Cacambo; and without wasting time he leaped into a galley, followed by his companions, so that they could go to the shore of the Sea of Marmara and find Cunégonde, no matter how ugly she might be.

On the galley there were two conscripts who rowed very badly. The Levantine[129] ship owner periodically whipped their bare shoulders with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Candide responded to this in a perfectly natural fashion, and looked at them more closely than he looked at the other oarsmen, and

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128. Francis Leopold Rakoczy, 1676–1735; in exile in Turkey, 1720–1735.

129. From the east, i.e., the Eastern Mediterranean.

was even moved by pity to approach them. Some features of their ravaged faces seemed to him to give them some slight resemblance to Pangloss and to the wretched Jesuit, the baron, the brother of Miss Cunégonde. This fancy moved him and saddened him. He looked at them even more closely. "In truth," he said to Cacambo, "if I hadn't seen Dr. Pangloss hanged, and if I hadn't had the misfortune to kill the baron, I would believe that it was they who are on the bench there, rowing this galley."

At the mention of the baron and of Pangloss, the two conscripts let out a loud cry, stopped rowing, and dropped their oars. The Levantine ship owner ran over to them, and the blows of the cat-o'-nine-tails fell faster than ever. "Stop, sir, stop!" cried Candide. "I'll give you as much money as you want." "What! It's Candide," said one of the conscripts. "What! It's Candide," said the other. "Is this a dream?" said Candide. "Am I awake? Am I really on this galley? Is that really His Honor the Baron, whom I killed? Is that really Dr. Pangloss whom I saw hanged?"

"It is we! It is we!" they replied. "What! Is that the great philosopher?" said Martin. "Eh! You, sir," said Candide to the Levantine ship owner, "how much money do you want for the ransom of His Honor the Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, one of the most important barons in the Holy Roman Empire, and for the ransom of Dr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany?" "Christian dog," said the Levantine ship owner, "since these two dogs, these Christian conscripts, are barons and metaphysicians, which must mean they are important people in their own countries, you will have to pay me fifty thousand sequins for them." "I'll pay, sir. Take me back as fast as possible to Constantinople and I'll pay you immediately. No, no! Take me to Miss Cunégonde." The Levantine ship owner, on hearing Candide's first offer, had already turned the prow toward the city, and he had his slaves row faster than a bird cuts through the air.

Candide hugged the baron and Pangloss a hundred times. "How on earth did I fail to kill you, my dearest baron? And my dearest Pangloss, how can you be alive when you were hanged? And why are you both rowing in a Turkish galley?" "Is it really true that my dearest sister is in this country?" asked the baron. "Yes," replied Cacambo. "So I see my dearest Candide again!" cried Pangloss. Candide introduced Martin and Cacambo to them. They all hugged each other, and all talked at once. The galley flew onward; before they knew it they were in the harbor. A Jew was fetched, and Candide sold a diamond worth a hundred thousand sequins to him for fifty thousand, after he had sworn by Abraham that he would make a loss if he paid more. At once he ransomed the baron and Pangloss. Pangloss threw himself at the feet of his liberator and washed them with his tears; the other thanked him with a slight nod of his head, and promised to repay him the money as soon as possible. "But is it really true that

my sister is in Turkey?" he asked. "Nothing is more true," replied Cacambo, "for she is washing dishes in the household of a Transylvanian prince." At once two Jews were sent for. Candide sold more diamonds, and they all set out in another galley to go and rescue Cunégonde.

Chapter Twenty-Eight: *What happened to Candide, Cunégonde, Pangloss, Martin, etc.*

"Forgive me, I beg you again," said Candide to the baron; "forgive me, Reverend Father, for having given you a violent thrust with a sword and pierced right through you." "Let's not mention it again," said the baron. "I was a little too sharp, I admit it. But since you want to know the sequence of events that ended with your seeing me rowing in a galley, I will tell you that, after my wound had been healed by the brother apothecary at the Jesuit college, I was attacked and taken prisoner by a Spanish raiding party. I was put into a prison in Buenos Aires around the same time as my sister was leaving. I asked to be returned to Rome, to the general of the order. From there I was assigned to go and serve as chaplain to the French ambassador in Constantinople. I had only been doing my new job for a week when one evening I came across a young icoglan[130] with an excellent physique. It was very hot. The young man wanted to go to the bathhouse. I took the opportunity to go to the bathhouse as well. I didn't realize that it was a capital crime for a Christian to be found completely naked in the company of a young Muslim. A judge ordered that I should be given a hundred blows of a cane on the soles of my feet, and also sentenced me to the galleys. I don't believe there has ever been a more dreadfully unjust sentence. But I would like someone to explain to me why my sister is working in the kitchen of a Transylvanian ruler in exile in Turkey?"

"But you, my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "how has it come about that we meet again?" "It is true," said Pangloss, "that you saw me hanged; properly speaking I ought to have been burned, but you will remember that it began to pour with rain just when they were going to cook me. The storm was so violent that they gave up trying to light the fire. I was hanged because they couldn't find anything better to do. A surgeon bought my body, took it back to his house, and dissected me. He first made an opening in the shape of a cross running from my navel to my throat. You couldn't be more incompetently hanged than I had been. The executioner who carried out the sacred instructions of the Holy Inquisition, who was a subdeacon, did a first-rate job of burning people, but he had no experience of hanging them. The rope was wet, which increased the friction; the

130. A young man brought up in the Sultan's seraglio and educated for high office.

running knot jammed. So I was still breathing. The cross-shaped incision made me emit such an enormous scream that the surgeon fell backwards, and, believing that he was cutting open a devil, he ran away, scared almost to death, and fell down the stairs in his haste to escape. His wife came running from a room nearby when she heard the noise. She saw me laid out on the table with my cross-shaped incision. She was even more frightened than her husband had been; ran away, and fell on top of him. When they had recovered their wits a bit, I heard the surgeon's wife say to the surgeon: 'My dear, what were you thinking of when you decided to dissect a heretic? Didn't you realize that there is always a devil in the body of one of those people? I am going to go quickly to find a priest to exorcise it.' I shuddered on hearing these words, and I summoned up what little strength I had left to cry out, 'Have pity on me.' Finally the Portuguese barber[131] took courage. He sewed up my skin. His wife looked after me herself. After two weeks I was back on my feet. The barber found me a job, and arranged for me to serve as the valet of a knight of the order of Malta who was going to Venice. But my master couldn't afford to pay my wages, and so I hired myself out to a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople.

"One day I thought it would be interesting to go into a mosque. The only people there were an elderly mullah and a very pretty young female worshipper who was saying her prayers. Her dress was low-cut; between her two bosoms she had a pretty bouquet of tulips, roses, anemones, buttercups, hyacinths, and primroses.[132] She dropped her bouquet on the floor; I picked it up, and I replaced it where it had come from eagerly but deferentially. I took such a long time to put it back in place that the mullah became angry, and, realizing that I was a Christian, he called for help. I was taken to the judge, who had me beaten a hundred times on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the galleys. I was chained up in the very same galley and on the very same bench as His Honor the Baron. In this galley there were four young men from Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks from Corfu, who told us that this sort of thing happens all the time. His Honor the Baron claimed that he had suffered a greater injustice than I, while I claimed that it was much more acceptable to replace a bouquet between the breasts of a woman than to be completely naked with a young man. We argued without stopping, and we were given twenty lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails a day, when the causal chain linking the events in this universe brought you to our galley, and you purchased our freedom."

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131. In the eighteenth century doctors did not perform surgery, which was the province of barber-surgeons.

132. Voltaire is describing a woman in a Christian church, for a Muslim would not have been dressed like this, nor been alone in the company of men.

"Well, my dearest Pangloss," said Candide to him, "while you were being hanged, dissected, lashed, and were rowing in the galleys, did you continue to think that all went as well as could be?" "I still think as I always did," said Pangloss, "for, after all, I'm a philosopher, and it would be inappropriate for me to change my mind. Leibniz cannot have been wrong, and moreover the preestablished harmony is the most beautiful thing in the world, along with the plenum and subtle matter."[133]

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE: *How Candide found Cunégonde and the old woman*

While Candide, the baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo were telling their adventures; while they were philosophizing about the events that occur in this universe, and whether they are contingent or not contingent; while they debated effects and causes, moral evil and physical evil, liberty and necessity, the consolations one can experience while one is a Turkish galley-slave, they approached the shores of the Sea of Marmara where the ruler of Transylvania had his house. The first things they saw were Cunégonde and the old woman, who were hanging out some napkins on the line to dry them.

The baron turned pale at this sight. Candide, the tender lover, on seeing his beautiful Cunégonde weather-beaten, her eyes bloodshot, her throat wizened, her cheeks lined, her arms red and chapped, was horror-struck and fell back three paces; then he advanced again in good order. She hugged Candide and her brother; they hugged the old woman; Candide bought both of them their freedom.

There was a small holding in the neighborhood; the old woman suggested to Candide that he should make himself at home there, at least until the whole group of them experienced an improvement in their fortunes. Cunégonde did not realize that she had become ugly, for no one had told her. She reminded Candide of his promises in a tone so peremptory that good Candide did not dare turn her down. He indicated therefore to the baron that he was going to marry his sister. "I will never permit," said the baron, "that she should act in so unbefitting a manner, or that you should behave in such an insolent fashion. No one will ever be able to reproach me for condoning this infamous behavior. The children of my sister would not be able to be received into aristocratic company in Germany. No: my sister will never marry anyone who is not a baron of the empire." Cunégonde threw herself at his feet and bathed them in tears; he was unyielding. "You're an absolute fool," Candide said to him. "I rescued you from the galleys; I paid for your freedom; I paid for your sister's freedom.

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133. Leibniz denied the possibility of a vacuum.

She was here washing dishes; she is ugly; I have the generosity to make her my wife, and you still have the audacity to oppose it. I would kill you again if I allowed my fury to get the better of me." "You can kill me again," said the baron, "but you will never marry my sister while I am alive."

Chapter Thirty: *Conclusion*

Deep down, Candide had no desire to marry Cunégonde. But the baron's outrageous impertinence decided him to go through with the marriage, and in any case Cunégonde was urging him so forcefully that he could not back out. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss wrote a fine dissertation, in the course of which he proved that the baron had no authority over his sister, and that all the laws of the empire permitted her to marry Candide with her left hand.[134] Martin recommended that they throw the baron into the sea. Cacambo was of the view that they should return him to the Levantine ship owner, and have him chained once more to the oar; after which he would be sent by the first available boat to Rome, to the father general of the order. Everyone thought this advice was excellent; the old woman approved; not a word was said to his sister; the plan was carried out with the help of some money, and they had the pleasure of capturing a Jesuit and of punishing a German baron for his pride.

It would be perfectly natural to imagine that, after so many disasters, Candide, now that he had married his mistress, and was living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the wise Cacambo, and the old woman, would live the most enjoyable life imaginable, particularly if one takes into account the fact that he had brought back so many diamonds from the original homeland of the Incas. But he had been so badly cheated by the Jews that he had nothing left but his little farm; his wife, who grew more ugly every day, had become shrewish and unbearable; the old woman was sick, and was even more ill tempered than Cunégonde. Cacambo, who worked the land, and who took vegetables to Constantinople to sell, was worn out by his labors, and cursed his fate. Pangloss was in despair because he did not have the chance to shine in some German university. As for Martin, he was convinced that one is equally badly off wherever one is, and he put up with everything patiently. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss sometimes debated questions of metaphysics and morality. Through the farmhouse windows one could often see boats passing, carrying nobles, governors, and judges who were being sent into exile at

134. This is termed a morganatic marriage. It would normally occur when a man was marrying beneath him, and his children were to be excluded from the succession to his title.

Lemnos, or Mytilene, or Erzeroum. One could see other judges, other governors, other lords on their way to take the place of those who had been sent into exile; and then one could see them go into exile in their turn. One could see severed heads, properly stuffed with straw, that were being taken to be presented to the sultan.[135] These sights made them argue ever more heatedly; and when they were not arguing the boredom was so dreadful that the old woman one day dared to say: "I would like to know which is worse, either to be raped a hundred times by Negro pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet in the Bulgar army, to be whipped and hanged during an auto-da-fé, to be dissected, to be a galley slave—in short, to experience all the miseries added together that each one of us has gone through—or alternatively to stay here doing nothing?" "That's a tough question," said Candide.[136]

This speech gave rise to new reflections, and Martin in particular concluded that human beings are born to live either in convulsions of restlessness or in the lethargy of boredom. Candide did not agree, but he had no alternative to propose. Pangloss admitted that his life had been nothing but dreadful suffering; but having once maintained that everything was going well, he still did so, and didn't believe it for a moment.

Something happened that confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, that made Candide hesitate more than ever, and that embarrassed Pangloss. For one day they saw Paquette and brother Giroflée arrive on their farm. They were in the most absolute misery: they had quickly run through their three thousand piastres, parted, come back together, fallen out with each other, been thrown into prison, escaped, and finally brother Giroflée had converted to Islam. Paquette worked as a prostitute wherever she went, and no longer earned anything by it. "This is what I foresaw," said Martin to Candide, "I knew your gifts would soon be gone and would prove to have simply made them more miserable. You've spewed out millions of dollars, you and Cacambo, and you are no happier than brother Giroflée and Paquette." "Ah ha!" said Pangloss to Paquette, "heaven has brought you here among us, my poor child! Do you realize that you have cost me the end of my nose, an eye, and an ear? And look what's become of you! Ah, what a world this is!" This new event provoked them to philosophize more than ever.

In the neighborhood there was a very famous dervish who was thought to be the best philosopher in Turkey. They went to consult him. Pangloss

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135. The heads of those executed at a distance were indeed brought to the sultan stuffed with straw: de Guer, *Moeurs et usages des Turcs* (1746).

136. Voltaire often expresses his horror of boredom—e.g., *Essai sur les moeurs*, ch. 193: "boredom which, throughout the world, is life's mortal enemy."

spoke for them and said, "Master, we come to beg you to tell us why such a strange creature as man was created?"

"What's it to do with you?" said the dervish. "Is it any business of yours?" "But, Reverend Father," said Candide, "there is a terrible amount of evil on earth." "What does it matter whether there is evil or good on earth? When His Highness sends a vessel to Egypt, does he worry whether the rats who are on the ship are comfortable or not?" "So what should one do?" asked Pangloss. "Keep quiet," said the dervish. "I was hoping," said Pangloss, "to philosophize a little with you about effects and causes, about the best of all possible worlds, about the origin of evil, about the nature of the soul, about the preestablished harmony." On hearing this the dervish closed his door in their faces.

While they were talking, news had got about that in Constantinople they had just strangled two members of the Supreme Court and the highest authority in matters of religion, and that they had impaled several of their allies. This catastrophe was much talked about everywhere, at least for a few hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, on their way back to their small farm, met an old man who was catching the breeze, sitting outside his front door in the shade of some orange trees that had been trained into an arch. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was argumentative, asked him the name of the religious leader who had just been strangled. "I have no idea," replied the good man, "and I have never known the name of a single religious leader, or a single member of the Supreme Court. I know nothing of the event you're talking about. I presume that, as a general principle, people who involve themselves in politics sometimes die miserably, and deserve to do so; but I never find out what is going on in Constantinople. I am content to send the fruits of the land I cultivate there for sale." Having said these words he invited the strangers into his house. His two daughters and his two sons served them a variety of flavors of homemade sorbet, Turkish delight studded with roasted pine nuts, oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, Mocha coffee that was not adulterated with the inferior coffee from Indonesia and the East Indies. After which the two girls of this good Muslim scented the beards of Candide, Pangloss, and Martin.

"You must have," said Candide to the Turk, "a vast and magnificent estate?" "I only have twenty acres," replied the Turk. "I cultivate them with my children. Works keep at bay three dreadful evils: boredom, depravity, and poverty."

Candide, back on his little farm, thought hard about what the Turk had said. He said to Pangloss and to Martin: "That old man seems to me to have made for himself a destiny that is much better than that of the six kings with whom we had the honor of dining." "Titles," said Pangloss, "are very dangerous, as all philosophers agree. For consider, Eglon king of

the Moabites was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hanged by his hair and stabbed with three javelins; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasha; King Elah by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, Zedekiah were enslaved.[137] You know how Croesus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Caesar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian,[138] Richard II of England, Edward II, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart, Charles I,[139] the three Henris of France, the Emperor Henry IV died? You know . . ." "I also know," said Candide, "that we must work our land." "You are right," said Pangloss, "for when human beings were placed in the Garden of Eden they were put there *ut operaretur eum*,[140] so that they might work. Which proves that man is not born for a life of leisure." "Let us work without philosophizing," said Martin, "it is the only way to make life bearable."

All the members of the little community joined in this praiseworthy plan; each one made an effort to make use of their abilities. The little farm proved highly productive. Cunégonde was, in truth, very ugly; but she became an excellent pastry chef; Paquette embroidered; the old woman washed clothes. Everyone, even brother Giroflée, did something useful—he was a very good carpenter, and even became a hard worker. Sometimes Pangloss said to Candide, "All events are linked together in this, the best of all possible worlds; for after all, if you had not been driven out of a beautiful castle, with hefty kicks on your backside, because you loved Miss Cunégonde, if you had not been arrested by the Inquisition, if you had not crossed America on foot, if you had not thrust your sword through the baron, if you had not lost all the sheep you had obtained in the good land of El Dorado, you would not be sitting here eating roasted pine nuts and pistachios." "That's well said," replied Candide, "but we must work our land."[141]

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137. These are all from the Old Testament.

138. These are from the history of Greece and Rome.

139. These are from English history.

140. Genesis 2:15.

141. "*Il faut cultiver notre jardin.*" The meaning of this phrase has been much discussed. See in particular Murray, *Voltaire's "Candide,"* ch. 1; Patrick Henry, "Sacred and Profane Gardens in *Candide*," *SV* 176 (1979), 133–52; David Langdon, "On the Meanings of the Conclusion of *Candide*, *SV* 238 (1985), 397–432.